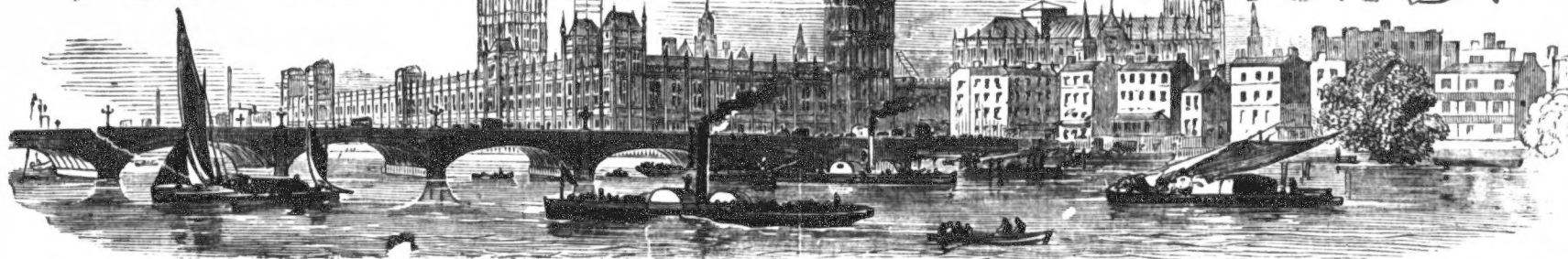


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PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

COLLECTING ICE AT THE SERPENTINE.

In this age of industry and enterprise, when every speculation likely to yield a profit is "gone into," and when everything, out of which money can possibly be made, becomes an article of commerce, it would be wonderful indeed if ice were altogether neglected. That such is not the case, our readers will perceive by one glance at our illustration, which represents the process of collecting ice from the Serpentine.

When, in the winter season, the rivers, lakes, streams, and canals are frozen, few people consider that an immense traffic is carried on in an article that seems so insignificant or worthless, and it scarcely ever occurs to the mind that the ice is a marketable commodity, affording employment to numbers of the labouring population at a period when every other kind of work is suspended. A certain class of London labourers watch for the frost with keen eyes; and when it does appear, a number of little carts are observed making for the environs of the metropolis to clear the pools and shallow waters. The London ice-carts are rather picturesque objects in their way.

We understand that by those engaged in this ice trade a regular system is pursued. Five or six owners of small carts, drawn by donkeys and ponies, form themselves into a company, and looking about them for ponds, &c., pay a rent to the proprietors of such pieces of water for the right of removing the ice, whenever the water is frozen over. They then watch keenly for a frost, and the first skimming being collected, is generally sold in small quantities to confectioners and fishmongers. When, however, the ice has attained to the thickness of from half an inch, to a foot and upwards, it is sold in large quantities to merchants, who deposit it in wells, and supply confectioners, fishmongers, hotels, &c.

The construction of the wells in which the dealers deposit ice is rather curious. They are built downwards, and are four bricks thick, secured together by cement. The exclusion of the exterior air is carefully attended to, and the ice is drawn up in buckets.

On board the vessels that bring cargoes of ice from Norway and America, the hatchways and bulkheads are tightly caulked; and when stowed in wells in this country, the upper surface of the ice is constantly covered with thick woollen cloths, nor is it permitted to be carried away in the carts unless similarly protected.

The annual consumption of ice in London and the immediate vicinity is something immense; besides which, large quantities are sent to Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, and other towns of importance. Confectioners use the greatest portion; but the demand among the fishmongers is also very considerable, as fish when kept in ice will not freeze.

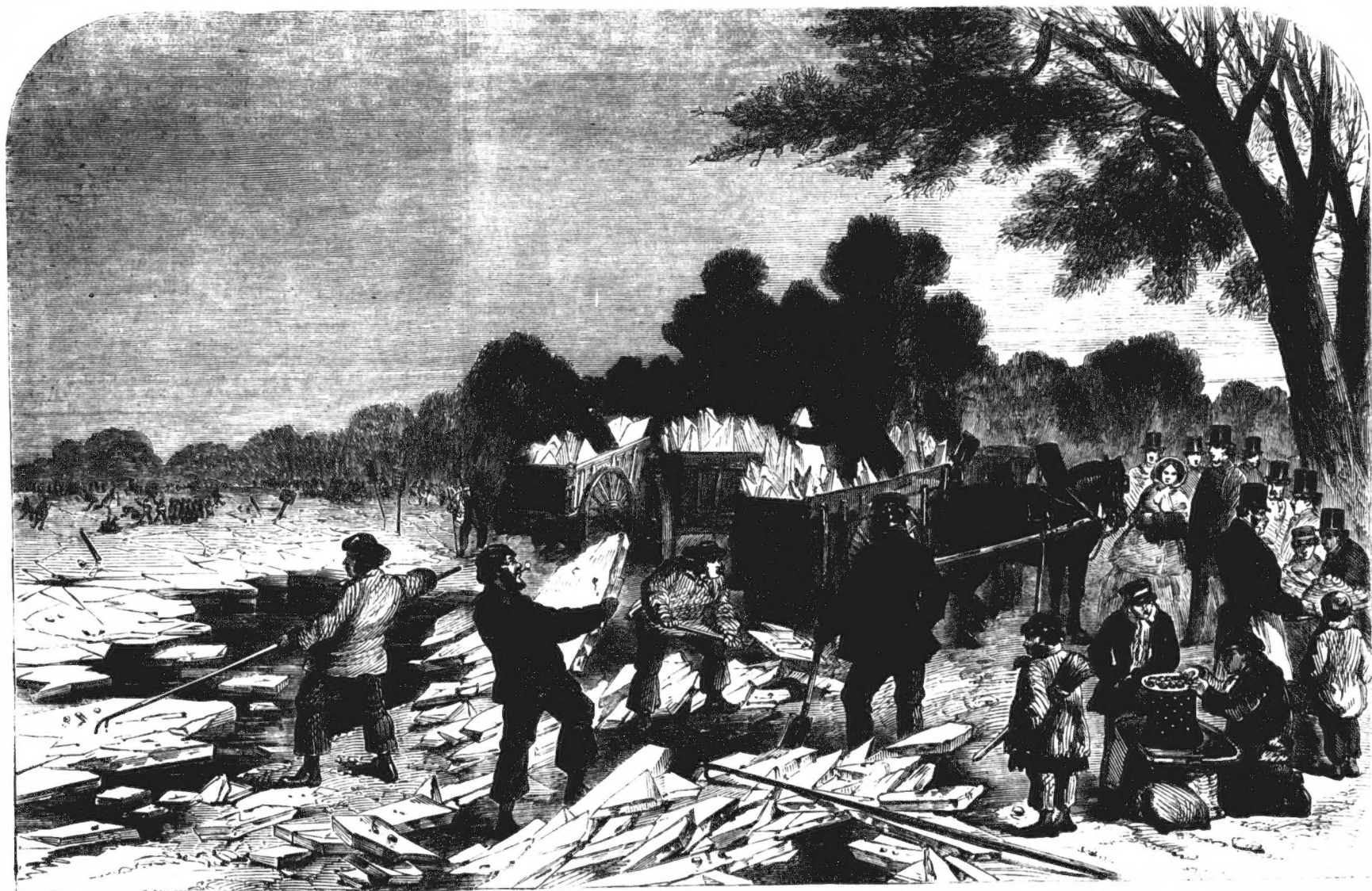
It is not only in England that the ice trade flourishes. From the United States the export is stated to be immense; and it is asserted that more than sixty thousand tons are annually exported from Boston to southern parts, and to the East and West Indies. The ice-houses near the lakes and ponds are huge wooden buildings—some of them covering half an acre of ground and holding from 10,000 to 20,000 tons each. They are built with double walls, or rather with an inner and outer wall two feet apart, the space between being filled with saw-dust, which acts as a non-conductor, and forms a solid wall impervious to air and heat. The machines used in cutting the ice are beautifully constructed; and the work is done by men and horses in a way so peculiar as to be worth alluding to.

The ice intended to be cut is cleared of snow as soon as it is capable of bearing men's weight, and when ready for cutting a piece of two acres' extent is operated upon. This, if a foot thick,

will, it is stated, produce about 2,000 tons; and the men employed commence by cutting a straight line through the centre each way. A small hand plough is then pushed along the line until the groove is about a quarter of an inch in width, and three inches deep. The workmen then apply what is called the "marker" (an instrument drawn by two horses), which makes two new grooves parallel with the first, twenty-one inches apart, the gauge remaining in the first groove. It is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operations go on in parallel rectangular lines, until the entire field of ice is marked into squares of twenty-one inches each.

Meanwhile the plough, following in these grooves, cuts up the ice to the depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and iron bars, like spades, are used for splitting them. In dropping the blocks into the grooves, the ice splits off, and a very slight blow is sufficient to separate them. Platforms are placed near the opening made in the ice, with an iron slide reaching from them into the water, and one of the men stands on each side with a hook of steel, having a fine sharp point, that drags the ice on to the platform, from which it is precipitated down the slide, and thence dragged to the ice-house, where it is deposited. Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons in a day. In case of the weather being very favourable for the operation, a hundred men are sometimes employed at once; and in about three weeks the ice-crop is secured. Sometimes the whole may become useless, as, if a rain or thaw comes on during the process, the ice is rendered unfit for market.

It was in 1822, that what is called the foreign ice trade commenced in England. There being a great scarcity of ice in this country, the late Mr. Lettich, then a confectioner in Fleet-street, went over to Norway, where he chartered a vessel, purchased



COLLECTING ICE IN THE PARKS.

a large quantity, and brought it to England, where it sold readily. A large quantity of ice is now of course imported into England; but, though the foreign ice trade has, to some extent, provided a supply of the commodity for London, the home trade in this luxury, if such it can now be called, is by no means neglected.

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.

During Friday night, the 4th inst., the thermometer at the Royal Humane Society's Receiving House, Hyde-park, fell to 29 degrees below the freezing point, and at nine a.m. on Saturday morning it marked 11 degrees, and at twelve noon 4 degrees below the freezing point, at which latter point it remained during the night of Saturday. On Sunday, at nine a.m., it had risen to 38 degrees Fahrenheit, or 6 degrees above the freezing point, and since that time it has averaged about forty degrees Fahrenheit.

The barometer on Friday at nine a.m. marked 29.77; on Saturday, 29.91; and on Sunday, 29.31—at the same hours respectively. All day on Sunday it continued to thaw rapidly, with the wind blowing from the south-east, and towards evening a dense fog spread over the metropolis, rendering locomotion extremely dangerous.

On Sunday morning from 200 to 300 persons ventured on the ice on the Serpentine, but owing to the thaw the surface was covered ankle deep with water, which quickly compelled them to desist from any attempts at skating. On Saturday morning the ice was two and a half inches thick, and, except in a few places, safe for skaters and sliders, of whom nearly 20,000 availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded during the course of the day. The surface of the lake and its banks presented a very animated spectacle. Sleighs, with bells attached, were on hire on the ice, and were liberally patronised, the occupants being chiefly ladies and the youth of both sexes. Several handsome sleighs, drawn in some cases by pairs of horses, also made their appearance in the drive, and many carriages were likewise in attendance, and were well filled with occupants as spectators of the sports. No immersions occurred, but there was a large number of heads broken during the day, about a dozen cases being severely cut and bleeding profusely. They were attended by Mr. Superintendent Williams, at the receiving-house. A gentleman residing at Kensington dislocated his shoulder. Another broke his wrist, whilst a third broke the small bone of his elbow joint. We regret to state that another accident, which at first was not deemed very serious, resulted fatally. A gentleman, aged about twenty-three, in sound health, whilst skating towards the close of the day with some companions, sustained a severe fall on the stomach which rendered him insensible. His friends procured water and endeavoured to revive him, but in vain. Thinking, however, that it was nothing more serious than a severe fainting fit they procured a cab and drove to St. George's Hospital, where upon examination the receiving surgeon found that life was extinct. The consternation of the friends of the deceased can be better imagined than described.

Mr. L. Young, the indefatigable secretary of the society, was in attendance at the receiving-house, and also visited the other stations at the various parks during the day. Dr. Christian and Mr. J. E. Baker (treasurer), also visited the receiving-house and inspected the precautionary measures and arrangements which had been made for saving life in case of accidents.

The Long Water, Kensington, was patronised by about 8,000, and the Round Pond by nearly 5,000 skaters and sliders, including a large number of the members of the Skating Club, who had two of their spacious marquees erected on the banks. Fortunately no casualties, except a few slight bruises, were reported.

In Regent's Park, the skaters and sliders on the iced surface of the ornamental waters numbered nearly 10,000, and about thirty cut heads were dressed during the day in the society's marquee, by Mr. Norston, M.R.C.S. None of the cases were deemed of a serious nature.

In St. James's-park the ice was thronged, as many as 20,000 persons being estimated as having been present. There were many cases of cut heads, which were attended to at the society's marquee, and one gentleman sustained concussion of the brain, from a severe fall on the back of the head. This case, which was a serious one, was attended by Dr. McCann, and the unfortunate sufferer was removed in an unconscious state.

FATAL OMNIBUS ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening, Mr. W. J. Payne, the deputy coroner, held an inquiry at Guy's Hospital, respecting the death of Edmund Alfred Calcutt, aged twenty years. The deceased was a carman, in the employ of a ginger-beer manufacturer, and resided at Kilner's-gardens, in the Kingsland-road. On Boxing-day he had been to see a young woman to whom he was engaged to be married. After he left her he joined four young men, and they all went and visited two public-houses. While at them they drank two quarts of ale, half a pint of gin, and some spruce. The deceased and two of his companions hailed a "Havelock," or Camberwell omnibus, in the Hackney-road. The three young men got up outside, and sat upon the knife-board. After the omnibus had stopped, near Lombard-street, the deceased felt ill and vomited. When they reached Gracechurch-street the omnibus conductor stood on the wheels of the omnibus, and said to the deceased, "You must get down," and he caught hold of him by the leg of his trousers. The deceased then got down, and in doing so fell forward, and his head was dashed against the pavement. One of his companions, named Hewitt, said to the conductor, "We shall look to you for this." The conductor ordered the omnibus to drive on, and its number was not ascertained. The police carried the deceased to the hospital. Mr. H. Denne, house-surgeon, said that the deceased expired on the 3rd instant from compression of the brain, the result of his injuries. His nose was broken, and the bones at the base of the skull were dislocated. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

A BRITISH SHIP SEIZED BY CHINESE PIRATES.—The ship China, from Shanghai for Batavia, arrived at Hong Kong on the 4th of October, with the chief mate and seventeen of the crew of the ship Westminster, bound to London, which they report at Pratas Shoals. The captain took a boat, and made for East End Island for assistance, leaving the mate in charge of the ship, which was soon after boarded by Chippamep, who advised all on board to leave. The mate and crew left the ship in two boats. The captain and six men returned to the vessel, and are supposed to have been murdered by the pirates, as the mate afterwards hailed the ship and was told that the captain had left some time before. The water-boats were soon after picked up by the ship China. Commodore Jones hearing the particulars is reported as having sent gun-boats to the assistance of the vessel. The Westminster had a large cargo from Calcutta. Hong Kong dates to 6th October announce the capture of the American brigantine Cuba by Chinese pirates, near Pedro Branca. The captain was deliberately shot, and the vessel pillaged and set on fire, and abandoned. Through the exertions of the survivors the fire was extinguished, and the ship brought safely into port.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, at the Croydon Petty Sessions, before Messrs. T. R. Edridge, chairman, J. M. Eastly, and Dr. Hood, Charles Gregson Cowlishaw appeared to answer a summons taken out by Harriett Hoole, a girl between thirteen and fourteen years of age, for indecently assaulting her in a railway carriage on Saturday, the 22nd of December. The prosecutrix had been a domestic servant in defendant's family, and on her being discharged he, at the request of his wife, took the girl to Bromley, having previously written to her brother to meet her at the station. She stated that they travelled alone from Croydon to Norwood Junction, there to Beckenham, and thence to Bromley, changing carriages at each place, and that during the whole journey he kept hugging and kissing her, and also behaved most indecently. She cried the whole of the way, but never complained to any one, though she saw the station-master at two of the places, and was in the waiting-room at Beckenham for half an hour. Besides that, she saw several people on the various platforms. She persistently adhered to her averment that no one travelled in either of the carriages but herself and the defendant. He walked a mile and a half with her towards Down, a village near Bromley, where her brother lived, and he had his arm round her neck, and kept kissing her all the way. In cross-examination by Mr. Bury Hutchinson, solicitor, who defended, the prosecutrix said she had made a similar false charge against her cousin about eighteen months since, and that her uncle who adopted her had turned her out of the house on that account. For the defence numerous witnesses were called, who proved that there were several persons in the same compartment of the carriage in which the defendant and the girl travelled; that, so far from there being any appearance of her crying, she was talkative to the porters, and laughing at Beckenham about some holly she had in her hand, and almost all her statements upon minor details as to time, &c., were entirely and completely contradicted. Her uncle, a very respectable farmer at Danehill, near Lewes, was also called for the defence, and denied the girl's statement as to her cousin, and said he had heard of it for the first time in the last week. The chairman said the bench were unanimous in their opinion that there was not the slightest foundation for the charge, and the defendant would leave the court without the slightest stain on his character. In reply to Mr. Bury Hutchinson, the chairman said that, of course, Mr. Carpenter, who was in attendance for the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, would report the decision of the bench.

On Sunday evening the services under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral were resumed for the first time in the present winter, and a large congregation was attracted, though the weather was damp and dreary. From the first these services have been attended by large numbers of people, and that which was originally tried as an experiment a few years ago has come to be a settled arrangement in the metropolitan cathedral in the winter months. There is scarcely a distinguished divine in the Church of England who has not preached on those occasions, often before upwards of 3,000 people at a time, and some have travelled long distances to do so, while the capacity of Sir Christopher Wren's great masterpiece has been manifested beyond all dispute. The services, though conducted in the manner usual in cathedrals, have been so simple that all might take part in them more or less, and especially in the psalmody. On Sunday evening, as usual, the interior of the dome was lighted up by a single row of gas jets encircling it on about a level with the floor of the whispering gallery; the great organ, played as heretofore by Mr. Goss, was brought into requisition; and there was an amateur choir, conducted by Mr. Buckland. The prayers were read by the Rev. W. J. Hall, one of the minor canons of the Cathedral, and the Lessons for the evening by the Rev. Canon Melville. At the conclusion of the devotional part of the service the Dean of Norwich, Dr. Gorburn, preached a very remarkable and eloquent sermon from the text, "Redeeming the time," which was listened to throughout with intense interest.

On Monday, Mr. Devey, deputy coroner for Liverpool, held an inquest on the body of a labourer, named Christopher Fairhurst, whose death was alleged to have been caused by another labourer, named Daniel Healey. The parties had a quarrel in a public-house on Christmas Eve, when Healey beat the deceased most brutally. Subsequently, the two men, who were neighbours, met near their respective houses, when the quarrel was renewed. Healey, by this time had provided himself with a poker, and with it he struck the deceased and his wife. The woman recovered from the effects of the blows, but her husband died a few days afterwards. The jury found the prisoner guilty of willful murder, on which charge he was committed for trial at the ensuing assizes.

On Monday, a coroner's inquest was held at the Southampton Coffee-house, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, on the body of Charles Greene. The deceased came from Birmingham on Thursday week to give evidence in a patent case, and on the next day died suddenly. Mr. Augustus Greatrex, surgeon, who made a post mortem examination of the body, described it as very emaciated. The heart was the smallest he had ever seen. The death he attributed to disease of the heart and lungs, which would be accelerated by cold on the railway journey from Birmingham. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence. Dr. Lankester, the coroner, said he had that morning been informed of twenty deaths which were to be attributed to the late inclement weather—old people who were weak, on being attacked, sunk under the cold.

A VENERABLE PARTY.—In accordance with his annual practice on the anniversary of his birthday, the Venerable the Archdeacon of Carmarthen entertained at dinner, on the 3rd instant, twenty-eight of the oldest communicants of his church, to celebrate the attainment of the seventy-first year of his age. The united ages of the whole party amounted to the extraordinary total of 2,386 years; yielding an average age of eighty-five years to each person. Besides these, there are eight other members of his church, who for various reasons were unable to avail themselves of the archdeacon's hospitality, whose united ages amounted to 692 years, averaging eighty-six years and six months for each person. These single instances of extreme longevity may be thus generally classified. Of the thirty-six persons included in this calculation eight have attained the patriarchal age of ninety years and upwards; the eldest, a female, being ninety-nine years of age, and the next eldest, a man, ninety-seven years old. None were invited under eighty years of age; and the total ages of the thirty-six amounted to 3,078 years in the aggregate; giving the average age of the whole party, eighty-five years and six months. Such rare and numerous instances of extreme longevity can only exist under very favourable sanitary conditions; such as may reasonably be supposed to prevail in the locality where these interesting annual gatherings of veterans take place.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Despatches received by the Government announce from Algeria that an earthquake took place in the colony on the 2nd, accompanied by several shocks and causing much injury. The city of Algiers escaped, but many villages suffered greatly. Among others, those of the Chiffa, El Affroun, El Aia, Ben-Basmi, and Mouzaïville have been nearly altogether destroyed. In the latter thirty-seven persons were killed, and some hundreds injured; ten dead at Ben-Basmi, and twelve at El Affroun, besides more than sixty wounded. Every possible assistance was being rendered by the authorities. The provinces of Oran and Constantina were not visited.

General News.

The Bishop of London, who is still at Brighton, is gradually recovering his strength, but by the advice of his medical attendants will not return to the active work of his diocese until after Easter. His lordship's annual series of confirmations will commence in the course of the present month; but up to Easter they will be taken by Bishop Anderson and other prelates who may happen to be in London.

ANOTHER token of regard emanating from the war has just been conferred by the King of Prussia upon Colonel Walker, the military member of the British embassy. On the Christmas Eve the King addressed him an autograph letter, thanking him for having shared the dangers and fatigues of the campaign with the Crown Prince, and regretting that the rules of the British service did not permit of his accepting a Prussian order of knighthood as a fitting and well-merited acknowledgment. At the same time the royal writer availed himself of the German custom of giving Christmas presents to offer to the colonel a magnificent letter-weight, having the names of the various battles at which he assisted inscribed on it, and the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle inserted in its centre.

We understand that a magnificent monument is about to be erected over the vault which contains the body of the late Cardinal Wiseman at Kensall-green, where it will remain until the intended metropolitan cathedral is built. It will be then removed, and occupy a conspicuous position in that edifice. The Very Rev. Dr. Searle, assisted by a number of personal friends of the cardinal, have undertaken to defray the outlay. The work has been entrusted to Mr. Welby Pugin.

DESTRUCTION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CROYDON.

The public, more especially those interested in ancient religious architecture, will learn with deep regret that the splendid church of St. John the Baptist, at Croydon, was on Saturday night almost totally destroyed by fire. The sacred edifice is situated in the lower portion of the town, at the end of Church-street, near to the old palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and was of remote, if not unknown antiquity. It has always been regarded as one of the finest examples of ecclesiastical architecture in Surrey. The building was surmounted by a lofty tower of flint and stone, and the pillars and arches in the interior formed a splendid arcade. In the chancel were some monuments of remarkable antiquity and beauty, and among them those of Archbishops Sheldon, Grindon, and Whitgift. Archbishop Sheldon's monument in marble was considered one of the most perfect pieces of sculpture in the country. Only a short time since the interior of the church was restored and beautified at a very large expense. The Rev. John George Hodgson was rector, and the congregation was an extremely large one upon all occasions. So sudden and disastrous was the progress of the fire when discovered, that in a few minutes after the outbreak the entire edifice was in such a destructive blaze that all hopes of saving it were unfortunately dissipated. The fire, which is supposed to have originated from the overheating of a flue near the communion table for Sunday service, was first discovered at about half-past ten o'clock. As speedily as possible the engine of the Croydon Volunteer Fire Brigade was upon the spot, but, owing to a false and dangerous economy in turning off the water from the reservoirs at night, a considerable time elapsed before any supply could be obtained. Mr. Edward Hughes, superintendent of the Volunteer Brigade, who was at the scene of disaster within a few minutes of the outbreak, believes that the fire would have been confined to a small portion of the building if water could have been immediately procured. When the Local Board's engine arrived it was found to be useless, owing to its machinery being frozen. A strong wind was blowing during the raging of the fire, and it is certain that, but for many of the surrounding buildings being covered with snow, immense damage might have been done to adjacent property. So rapid was the spread of the flames that in an hour the building was a complete ruin, nothing but the almost calcined walls and the tower being left standing. During the progress of the fire, Fireman Lancaster, of the Local Board's Brigade, received a compound fracture of the leg from a portion of the ruins falling upon him. The parish papers and communion plate were saved, but it is needless to add that the monumental sculpture is sadly mutilated. The fire has created much regret in the town and neighbourhood.

A RAILWAY SWITCHMAN FROZEN TO DEATH.—A night switchman, named Warner, employed on the Great Western Railway, at Reading, was on Friday night week frozen in such a manner that his death resulted on Sunday. Warner had been a porter at the company's station at Oxford, and only recently removed to Reading. He performed his duties as a narrow-gauge switchman during the Thursday night, and proceeded home, but only slept two or three hours on the Friday, as he had arranged to fetch his wife and family from Oxford on that day. This he did, and at night went on duty. In the morning he was found in a dreadfully cold condition and removed to one of the rooms at the station, where everything possible was done to relieve the poor man's sufferings, and he was removed to his home. Mr. F. A. Bolley, surgeon to the Great Western Railway Provident Society for the Reading district, attended Warner, and notwithstanding the careful treatment of the case, the patient expired on Sunday morning.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience or expense by eating Dr. Barry's delicious health restorer, *Invalid and Invalid's Food*, the Revalenta Arabica, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of his Holiness the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent street, London. In tins, at 1s. 1d. 1lb, 2s. 9d.; 12lbs, 22s.; 24lbs, 40s. At all grocers.—(Advertisement.)

REVOLT AT A FRENCH PENITENTIARY—FOURTEEN BOYS ROASTED ALIVE.

At the court of assizes of Draguignan, chief town of the department of the Var, France, has begun the trial of a case without example in the criminal annals not only of France, but of the whole civilised world.

On the 3rd of October last, the Penitentiary of the Levant, the largest of the group of isles known as the Islands of Hyeres (a reformatory where young boys are trained to husbandry), rose in open revolt; and that rebellion had the most appalling consequences, for no less than fourteen boys were literally roasted alive, so to say, by the ringleaders, who stood deaf to the supplications and agonising cries of the victims, all the while preventing their escaping by the only issue left to them, with a ferocity rendered more revolting by the youth of the criminals.

The whole isle belongs to the Count of Pourtales, who, following family traditions, conceived the philanthropic idea of establishing in it an agricultural penitentiary colony, of founding there an establishment like that created at Mettray, near Tours, by M. de Metz. M. de Pourtales asked for no assistance, did not apply for charity, public or private. That foundation dates from 1860. Since that time, the colony, wisely administered, has given splendid results. Every boy, although costing only twopenny a day to the State, was receiving on the average 12*l.* on leaving the establishment. The disposition and the temper of the prisoners were excellent. The colony had 250 boys at one time, and 230 were living there when the revolt occurred. And it is a remarkable fact that the day after the revolt the bulk of the prisoners tracked on the heath the ringleaders, and arrested them themselves. Moreover, when the revolt was raging, many of them had spontaneously formed a guard to protect the residence of the director of the colony.

The director is M. Fauveau, who has been a long time at the head of the central prison of Clairvaux, near Arcis-sur-Aube. He undertook and fulfils his mission at the penitentiary of the Isle of Levant as an apostolate, and he is in daily communication with the boys, towards whom he shows as much kindness as firmness.

The French Government has now but four penitentiary colonies—St. Hilaire, in the department of the Sarthe; St. Bernard, in the department of the Nord, near Lou; Gaillon, in the department of the Eure; and St. Antoine, near Ajaccio, in Corsica.

Things went so badly in the last colony that the Government were resolved to suppress it, and to send to the Penitentiary of the Isle of the Levant the sixty-five boys it was composed of. It was on the 28th of September that those sixty-five Corsicans were landed in the Levant. In less than six days from their arrival they contrived to raise up a rebellion in the colony, which had been till then a model of discipline. It seems that incendiarism was in the traditions of the Corsican colony of St. Antoine; moreover, in that colony the prisoners did not work, they wandered about and robbed the neighbouring houses. In the paternal colony of M. de Pourtales they complained that they had too little to eat and too much work to go through. They refused to work, they disbanded, and by means of fine promises and terrible menaces, they succeeded in winning over a good number of the oldest boys of the Levant Penitentiary. The refractory band asked for meat at every meal, for tobacco and coffee, and for six hours of play a day.

The rebellion was soon concocted, and on Tuesday, Oct. 2, it was ushered in by seditious songs. It burst out in the evening after bed-time. The ringleaders got up from their beds, put down the lights, broke the windows, demolished the partitions, and expelled the guardians. In view of preventing more devastation, one of the latter suggested to the prisoners to go down into the yard. They went down, vociferating and making awful noises. Then they formed a band, and went towards the house of M. Fauveau, which is situated not far from the penitentiary, and called the Castle. According to the act of accusation, they intended to pillage that house, and, perhaps, to commit crimes more terrible. But they were prevented from doing so by the improvised guard protecting M. Fauveau's house, as we have already said.

Sixteen accused are before the court. The first of the ringleaders is named Condurier. It is he who proposed to liberate the boys who were undergoing disciplinary imprisonment. His proposal was eagerly adopted, and the rebels, armed with axes, marched to the doors of the cells where the prisoners were confined. They broke open nine cells, and, of course, their occupants enlarged the number of the revolted.

Then they went down into the cellars, the hogstheads were brought up into the court-yard, they were broken open, and every one drunk as much as he could.

The aim of the revolt was the death of the spies. First, it had been settled that they should be taken to the heath and to the bogs, there to be killed with stones, but that idea was given up for another tenfold more atrocious.

The victual storehouse was pillaged, and another warehouse, containing petroleum oil and inflammable matter, was contiguous to it. They broke open three doors giving access to the passage leading to that warehouse. A fourth door, opening into the warehouse itself, more solid than the three others, resisted, and the only portion of it that they could break was an upper panel, and to enter the petroleum warehouse through that aperture they were obliged to scale the door to get up to it.

The most daring went into the warehouses through that breach, and pillaged all the victuals and provisions. They found out quantities of sugar, sausages, brandy, bacon, &c. After the older boys had satisfied their gluttony, Condurier communicated to them an idea of his, "Let us shut in there the spies, and then we shall set the place on fire." The plan was adopted by the followers of Condurier, all of them more or less intoxicated. Two fellows, chosen from among the worse, were entrusted with the fulfilment of the diabolical deed, and they executed it too well.

The young ones, enticed to come and pillage the victuals in their turn, hastened to do it, having not a shade of distrust. The arch plotter kept away some of them, and admitted the intended victims. Fourteen boys were in the warehouse. He judged that the moment was opportune, and he told a certain Ferrandon to light a heap of paper, prepared for the purpose. They had also taken the precaution of pouring on the floor a large vase full of petroleum. The flames, therefore, rapidly ran over the whole place.

That fire was to devour the fourteen boys who had been admitted into the warehouse; one could escape only through the broken upper panel of the door, and a jet of fire at that spot rendered such escape a sheer impossibility. The flames had not yet ascended to the panel, when one of the unfortunate boys, named Garibaldi, saw the danger, jumped at the panel, and tried to get out. But another boy, Allard, true to his orders, ran at him and thrice thrust his knife in Garibaldi's legs and chest. The blood flew in torrents, and the poor fellow fell back in the flames.

Then a heartrending scene occurred. All the boys inside managed to get at the window, clung to the bars, and cried for assistance with the accents of the most moving despair. But the ringleaders now surveyed the victims with an implacable coolness, while they repressed by words and threats every mark of interest, every sign of pity, given to those unfortunate boys.

The watchman of the semaphore established in the isle, prompted by a generous feeling, tried to save them. To use his own words, he was carried off as a feather, and thrown into a ditch where he broke his legs. One of the boys who had tried to give a wet blanket to his friends, suffered the same fate.

The poor fellows suffered the most excruciating agony; their faces were black, their cheeks melted in the fiery flames, their hair blazed; but soon death put an end to their sufferings. When the warehouse was entered next day their carbonised corpses were but shapeless remains.

Then the rebels wallowed in the grossest orgies. The next day they had a mind to begin again, and when they saw the chaplain and the family of the director go out to sea to escape danger and seek assistance deadly vows and dreadful imprecations were uttered against them.

It was only during the evening of the 11th that assistance came to hand. The fire was still raging, and if there had been a little fresh wind the whole range of buildings would have been destroyed.

The first formalities being gone through, the accused were introduced, and the crowd, obedient to a sentiment of irresistible curiosity, sat in the most profound silence.

The entrance of the accused, to the number of sixteen, caused painful emotions. The eldest was twenty years, the youngest barely thirteen, and, according to the accusation, the eldest is not the most guilty. They nearly all wear the working dress of the colony. The regards of the crowd were especially arrested on the two youngest, Allard and Ferrandon, and upon Condurier, the chief of the plot, to whom, however, kindness was not unknown for the Countess of Pourtales had such a good opinion of him that she advised the director to take him in his particular service. We shall see what part he played in this frightful drama, in which fourteen boys lost their lives. Allard is healthy, robust, and smiling; Ferrandon is thin, weak, and appears ill. They seem little afraid of their situation, whether through ignorance of its gravity, or whether through cynicism and calculation. Nearly all carry on their features, already youthless, those infamous stigmas of vice so often met with in the inmates of prisons.

After the call of the witnesses, who in all are twenty-three, the court delivered a judgment concerning the absence of M. Lepelletier Ducondray, director of the semaphore, who had been wounded in the struggle against the accused. He was carried into court with all the care his state required.

As to the accused, they answered to the call of their names with carelessness, and the reading of the act of accusation did not bring the least sign of repentance from them.

The act of accusation having been read over, the president began the interrogation of the accused, beginning with that of Ferrandon.

The president: Ferrandon, you are fourteen years of age; you are a legitimate child: you can read and write. For what have you been condemned?—For vagrancy.

And for theft. You left your parental home. You were sentenced to two years of correction. How long have you been at the penitentiary?—Six months.

What were your occupations?—I was tilling the ground.

Every day a certain time was devoted to religious education. However, your reputation was bad. You were what is called a runner through dormitories. Condurier had chosen you for one of his confidants. Of what did you complain?—Of the food, which was bad.

Your companions said it was good.—The meat was putrid.

What you say is quite new. What was the nature of the plot?—We were to refuse to work.

You were not to set the buildings on fire?—No.

You were among the band which attacked the castle. You threw stones from the windows at the director. You were acting as a chief. What instructions had Condurier given you?—He made us drink, then he took us under a tree, and there he said to us that we were to get rid of the spies.

You had already reason to suffer from their revelations. Was it then resolved to leave them in the provision warehouse?—Condurier chose those whom he wished to enter the warehouse.

Afterwards he told you to set the place on fire. Was it you who opened the tap of the petroleum?—Yes, sir.

And you went away when the fire was burning?—Yes; and I cried much.

Why did you cry?—Because I had set the place on fire.

It seems that, on the contrary, you said to a comrade, "Look how my fire is burning." I believe that if you cried it was because you were pursued by your accomplices, who were telling you that you would be put to death.

M. Jourdan (counsel for the accused): Some witnesses declare, on the contrary, that if the ringleaders wanted to kill him, it was because he was crying, and that they were afraid of his revelations.

Ferrandon (the accused): It was when Condurier saw me crying that he said to Allard, "We must kill him, he annoys us."

Was Condurier the only leader?—There were also Allard and other elders who spoke of stabbing me. It was then that I ran away into the bushes.

The president (to the second accused): Allard, you have been convicted of robbery?—Yes; I have committed two robberies.

You were sentenced to remain in a house of correction till you should have attained twenty years of age. Your antecedents are very bad. You refused to work. You behaved so badly that they have given you an ignominious epithet which is applied to the prostitutes. You knew that there was to be a revolt?—A few hours before the arrival of the Corsicans, Condurier said to me "We are going to revolt, as the food is so bad. We will begin when the Corsicans are here." It was on the night of the 3rd of October that they began by breaking everything. Then, after having forced opened the cellar, Condurier made me drink, and said, "There are spies who would sell us; we must make them disappear." For that it was necessary to make them enter into a storehouse, and set fire to the storehouse which precedes it. Condurier was there, and designated those who were to enter, and afterwards told me to remain at the door to prevent their escaping.

You began by pillaging with the elder boys?—From the dormitories we went to the kitchen, and from thence to the castle. Afterwards we returned and set free the prisoners. We forced open the small cellar and drank some hot wine in the kitchen. After that we attacked the warehouses in which the provisions are kept, and then returned to the kitchen to drink some brandy. It was only then that we conversed under the fir tree, and it was there that it was decided that we should entice the spies into the warehouse that was to be set on fire.

You executed Condurier's order, and a poor child named Garibaldi, having tried to get out, you struck him with your dagger. Did you not have a particular motive of hatred against Garibaldi?—No, sir.

It would be a very difficult task to render the impression that those two first interrogatories produced; moreover, they already throw much light upon the night of the 3rd of October. When they were terminated the president ordered Condurier to be brought in. At the name of this accused, who, according to the act of accusation, was the soul of the revolt, a great stir of curiosity was noticed in the court. Condurier, who is only sixteen years of age, is tall and muscular; his eyes are small, and sunk in their orbits; his cheek bones are prominent, his hair cut short, and his physiognomy is brutal; his voice is harsh and broken, with a strong meridional accent.

Condurier was a cook, and he is accused of having made soup with sea-water when the Corsicans arrived at the penitentiary, in order to excite them against the administration. The accused retorts that he had ceased to be a cook when the Corsicans arrived, and that it was later that he resumed cooking, by the order of the chief warden. Indeed, Condurier denies everything, his acts and his words. If he came several times to the door of the refectory, it was to fulfil his duties and distribute bread to the young ones. In the evening, after prayer, and when the revolt seemed to have not succeeded, Condurier went from one dormitory to another to encourage the ringleaders, Hernebrod and Rougier, to whom he cried, "Begin, begin!" When compelled to go down by a warden from the kitchen he threw stones against the windows of the dormitories in order to let his friends know that they were supported from outside. Condurier denies all that, and yet it was at that moment that the revolt broke out and that deadly threats were uttered against the managers of the penitentiary. The first act of the revolt was to form a band to go and pillage the castle. Condurier pretends that he stopped half-way because he did not wish to absent himself from the penitentiary without leave. He avows that when he came back he followed his companions down into the cellars, but he was not armed with a pickaxe; he had his kitchen lamp in his hand, and after having got drunk he went to bed. Evidently the design of Condurier is to divert the heaviest charges against him, but his accomplices accuse him of having been the leader of the revolt through its whole phases. To his observation that his accomplices are not to be believed, the imperial procurator says, "You are very ingenious, and you prepare your defence well; but we shall expose all your lies."

The president: You said, "Let us burn the archives, because they will not be able to detain us any longer in the penitentiary."

—Yes; but I have not plotted the death of the spies, of my comrades; but the contrary.

You have twice admitted that you had ordered to set the buildings on fire; is it true?—Yes; it is true.

You have also avowed that you caused some to enter the store-room, and that you held back some others; is it true?—I did not know what I was doing; I was drunk.

To the question about having told Allard to kill Ferrandon, whom he feared lest he should turn an informant, he answers that he never gave such orders. Allard and Ferrandon, who sat behind him, made affirmative gestures. From that moment the accused lost his assurance, his voice was often broken, and his eyes were full of tears. To the other questions put to him he answered without any sequence or logic.

Then the president ordered that the thirteen other accused should be brought in. All of them, the oldest of whom is but twenty, have deplorable characters, and one feels a very painful sensation in hearing them tell their sad tales. Their interrogatories have revealed the awful corruption which penetrates into these unfortunate agglomerations of beings with unhealthy or perverse instincts. It is supposed that Condurier contrived to roast many boys who had resisted his revolting immorality, or had been the victims of it.

The interrogatories ended at half-past seven in the evening, and the court adjourned.

Judgment was delivered on Monday. Four of the accused—the ringleaders—were condemned to the galleys for life, and many others were sentenced to lighter penalties, three only being acquitted.

PORT GLASGOW.—Within the last few days cholera, in a very virulent form, has made its appearance in Port Glasgow, on the Clyde, after having been absent for several weeks from the entire district. In the family of a carpenter, named Gillon, residing in a wretched hovel, there have been no fewer than six deaths, the only survivor being one of the children. A number of other persons have died, including the undertaker who buried the Gillons, after an illness of only seven hours. The town has naturally been thrown into a state of excitement, and every effort is being put forth to stay the disease. An inspector of nuisances has been appointed, a drill-hall being converted into a hospital, and the necessary nurses engaged in Glasgow. Several parts of the town are notoriously in a decidedly filthy condition.

A SUPPOSED FENIAN SHIP AT BRIXHAM.—There is rarely smoke without some fire, and as a story was started relative to the capture of a Fenian ship in Torbay, it is right that the public should know exactly how it originated. A brigantine, named the Melodia, Mr. Jones, master, from Antwerp to Dublin, with bark, entered Brixham a few days since for the purpose of getting cleared. On her arrival however, the customs officer at the port, Mr. H. Hallett, having reasons, which were strengthened by the fact of her having last left Antwerp on a voyage to Dublin, to suspect her character, resolved to make a search. Mr. Hallett accordingly procured the assistance of the Coastguard, and proceeded on board, but failed to discover anything to confirm the suspicion further than the fact that, although she was a vessel calculated to carry 170 tons of cargo, she had but 60 tons of bark on board. The captain at once proceeded on his voyage, but scarcely had he got outside the bounds of the harbour when he was boarded by the chief officer of the Coastguard, Lieutenant T. D. Sullivan, R.N., who had so arranged matters as to have two men ready for active service, fully armed and equipped, and with an adequate supply of provisions to last their voyage to Dublin. These men were ordered to remain on board, and not to leave until things were satisfactorily arranged at Dublin. The captain, seeing the grave aspect of affairs, offered to return to the harbour and submit his vessel to further scrutiny; but Mr. Sullivan told him he had no wish to detain him, and that if he was an honest and loyal trader he need not fear the presence of the officers, as they would not molest him; and, having provided their own food, they would cost him nothing, the only object being to frustrate anything like assistance being rendered to the notorious Stephens. The gallant officer landed, and the Melodia proceeded to Dublin with the officers on board, since which nothing has been heard either of the vessel or of the Coastguard officers.—*Western Morning News.*



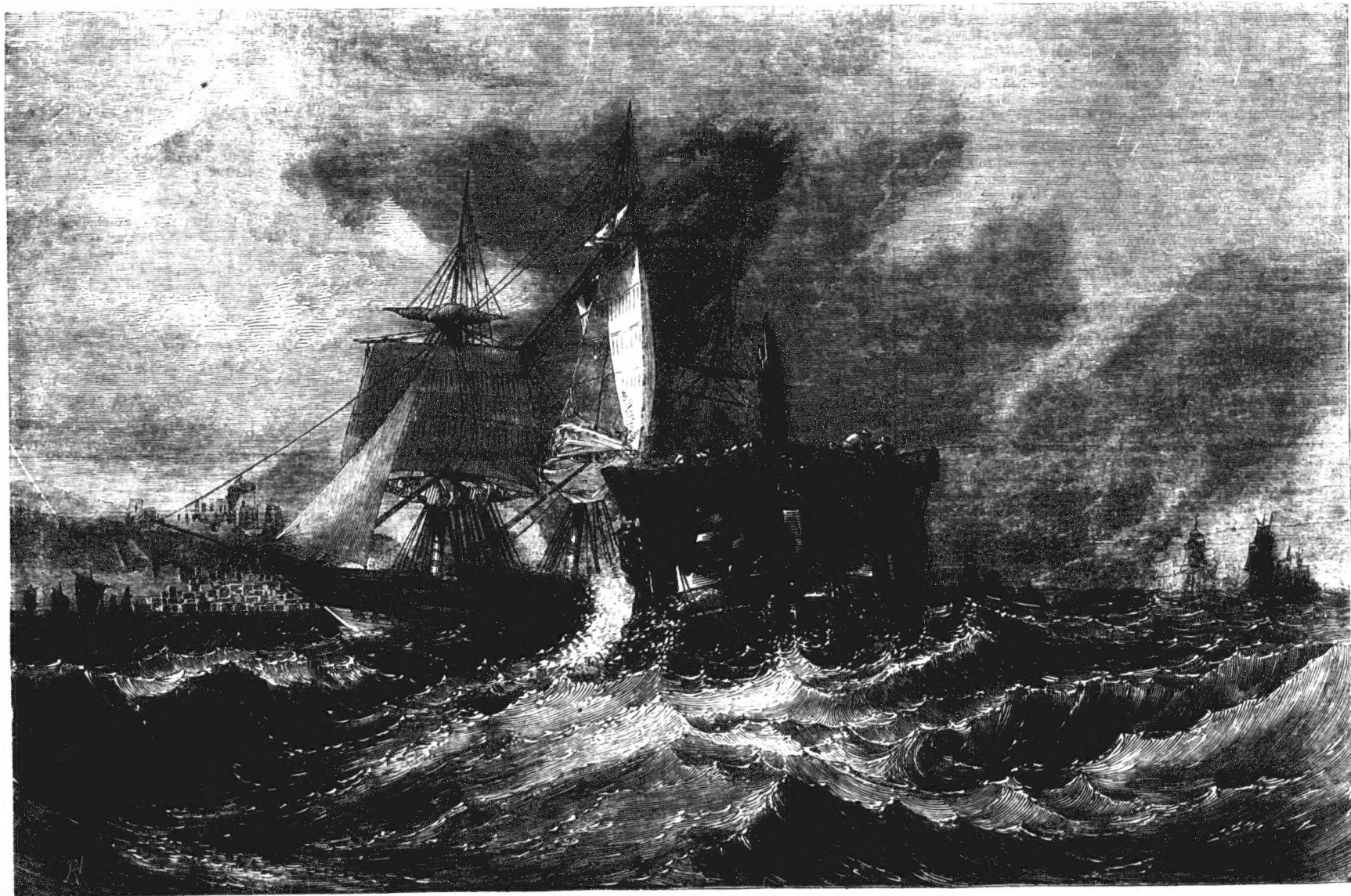
OLD CHRISTMAS DAY AT BARRACKS.

OLD CHRISTMAS-DAY IN BARRACKS.

In our last we gave a full-page engraving of Christmas-day in Barracks. We now give another engraving of Old Christmas-

day, when the snow was on the ground; but soldiers little heeded this, in their anticipations of the good old fare of English beef, which is being brought from the cook-house. The various regiments in camp at Aldershot have been doing all they can to

make merry at this season of the year. The barrack rooms, sergeants' messes, and various other buildings have been decorated in really magnificent style, and the talented designs, with some capital sketches and fancy lettering that have appeared, prove how



SHIPPING AFTER A STORM.

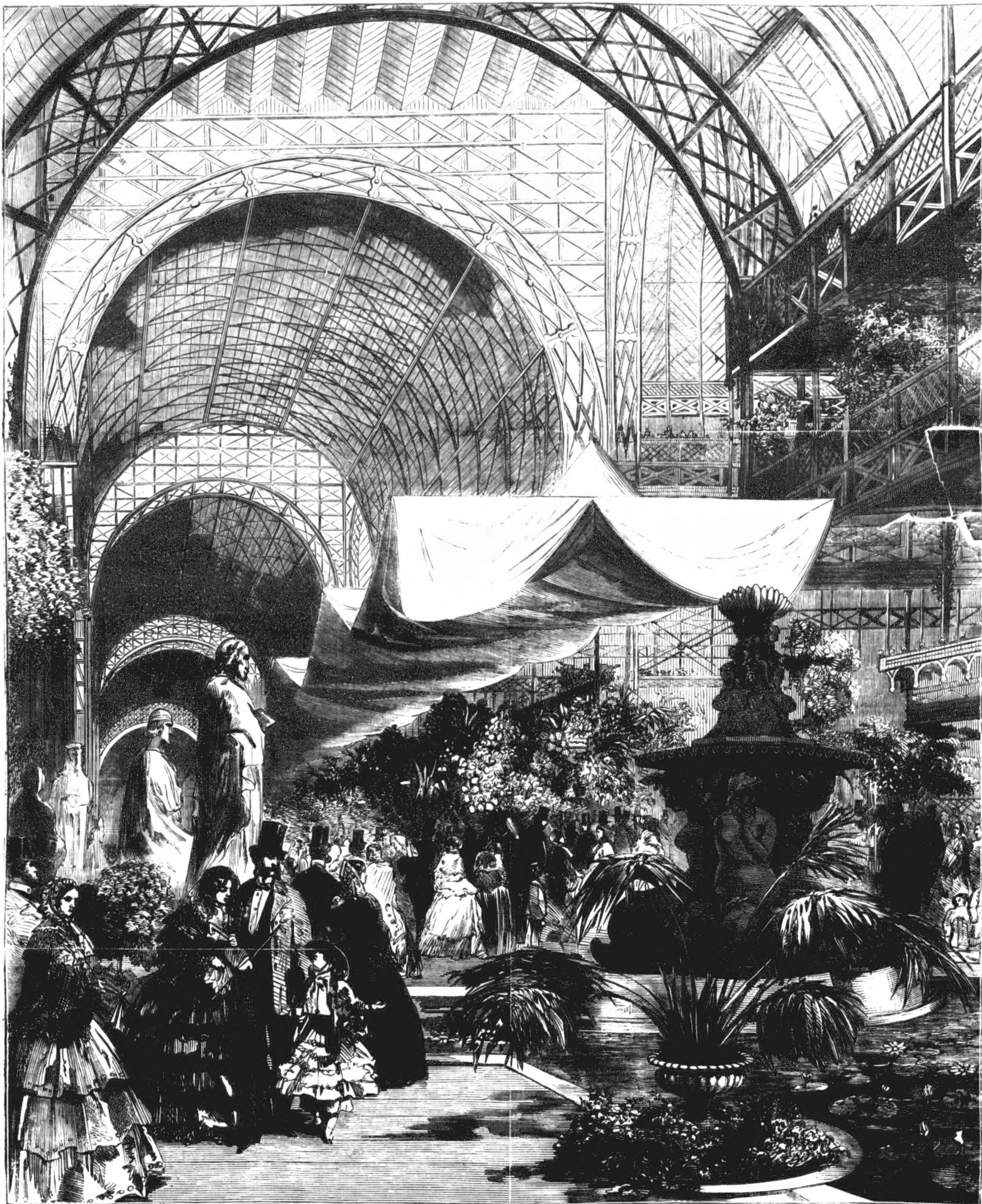
very many of the soldiers possess abilities but too seldom encouraged and rarely made use of. The officers of the 15th Hussars offered prizes for the best decorations, and the stimulus thus afforded produced some startling results. The troop rooms were really grand, and it was with considerable difficulty that a selection was made. Quadrille parties and friendly gatherings have been nightly occurrences, and although every one has seemed bent on enjoyment, no irregularities have taken place of any im-

SHIPPING AFTER A STORM.

THE beautiful engraving above is from a water-colour picture by Mr. J. Callow, and was first exhibited at the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, in 1858. It exhibits all the talent which distinguished this painter in his treatment of kindred subjects. Unfortunately, during the past week many of our readers have had an opportunity of witnessing "shipping after a

THE TROPICAL DEPARTMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

It was with much regret we had to record in our last the total destruction of the tropical department of the Crystal Palace, which is pictured above in all its original beauty. Now this beautiful place is a mass of charred ruins, as previously described. It is, however, gratifying to know that the palace has not suffered either



TROPICAL DEPARTMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

portance, and the British soldier has again proved himself to be more worthy of confidence than many of our authorities are disposed to admit.

It is rumoured that the Empress Eugenie has addressed a letter to the Pope, in which she informs him that her journey to Rome, though postponed, has not been abandoned.

storm" in all its terrible reality, for the reports from all parts of the coast are most disastrous.

THE GREAT EASTERN. — This magnificent vessel, now being refitted at Liverpool, is to leave that port on the 20th of March for New York, whence she sails for Brest on the 9th April, with passengers for the Paris Exhibition.

from the snow of Wednesday, the frost of Friday, or the tremendous gale of Saturday night. The screen shutting out the burnt portion has been effectively strengthened, under Mr. Edwin Clark's directions, and has resisted the wind in the most satisfactory manner. Inside the palace all is going on as usual, and there is nothing to show that any extraordinary event has happened.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
		A. M. P. M.	
12 S	Sun rises, 8h. 4m.; sets, 4h. 17m. ...	5 53	6 14
13 S	First Sunday after Epiphany ...	6 36	7 0
14 M	Oxford Term begins ...	7 25	7 55
15 T	Orsini Plot, 1858. ...	8 28	9 5
16 W	Battle of Corunna, 1809 ...	9 43	10 22
17 T	Franklin born, 1706 ...	11 21	11 38
18 F	British Institution opened, 1806 ...	—	0 15
Moon's changes.—First quarter, 13th, 4h. 34m. a.m.			
Sunday Lessons.			
MORNING.		AFTERNOON.	
Isa. 44; Matt. 11.		Isa. 46; Rom. 11.	

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—18th, Prisca, virgin and martyr (A.D. 275).

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the Office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a coloured wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

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* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

T. F. M.—To your first question, No. 2nd; Lloyd's (Underwriters) was established in 1772.

ROBERT B.—The thistle first appeared on the coins of James the Fifth. The motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," was added two reigns later.

N. C.—The territory of France comprises 205,000 square miles.
 HILERA P.—A marriage contracted and solemnized at the office and in the presence of the superintendent registrar, and some registrar of the district, in the presence of two witnesses, with open doors, and between the hours of eight and two in the afternoon, after due notice, will be legal, valid, and binding, what you mean by religion of the contracting parties.

W. T.—The phrase "hundredth part" is said to owe its origin to Hurlingham and Hurlingham, two small villages in the county of Kent, and the country around them with a hundredth part of the population.

G. C.—The price of *the* in proper names, such as Fitz Gerald, &c., is derived from the fact that the *de* on the *de* with the Norman word *de*, with the same meaning, derived, Fitz James, therefore, merely means the son of James.

BYRON.—Lord Byron was born in Holles-street, London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. He was a student at Cambridge in 1811.
 FRANK.—The Act closing licensed houses until after one o'clock on Sunday, was passed in August, 1867.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.
 REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Those who believe that all is for the best in the best of worlds—if any such there remain in these days—will do well to cast their eyes occasionally over those melancholy tales of suffering which are every now and then brought to light by coroners' inquests. There is a simplicity and deep pathos about the naked facts which these matter-of-fact revelations force upon our attention which go farther than any amount of mere general description to enable us to realize the abject misery and despair in which English men and women are living and dying around us; and it is impossible for any human being blessed with a fair share of this world's goods to read them without an uncomfortable feeling of shame that he should squander every day of his life large sums upon the merest superfluities while his countrymen are dying within reach of his voice for want of a little warmth and a crust of bread. There is enough work to be done in the way of work-house reform alone to tax a whole generation of philanthropists; and if one in a hundred of those who are willing to give their money to charities would give instead some of their time to the control of affairs in their respective parishes, their exertions would be infinitely more beneficial, and we should be spared many of the melancholy tales with which the public ear is daily shocked. Within the past few days there have been some terrible histories laid bare by the coroners' inquests, and we would earnestly call attention to them, not so much for their own sakes, melancholy as they are, but as indications of what is at this moment going on around us in this, the wealthiest, and perhaps the most charitably-disposed city in the world. On Wednesday week an inquest was held on the body of William James Walker, who had been found on the previous Sunday dead in a limekiln at Limehouse, to which he was in the habit of resorting for the sake of the warmth—no doubt for the reason that he could not obtain it elsewhere. In the course of the evidence it transpired that so many poor wretches are driven to this means of defending themselves from the inclemency of the weather, that it has actually been found necessary to put spikes on the gates leading to the kilns to prevent what is a regular practice. In this instance the poor creature had climbed over the gates, and in the morning was found dead, and with his legs burnt off. On Thursday week, a still more melancholy case came to light. The wife of a commercial traveller having, as she herself stated, been abandoned by her husband "a long time ago," found herself with two children to support by her own unaided exertions. Having been "brought up respectable," the poor creature found herself without any means of gaining a subsistence whatever, and, going from bad to worse, came to selling matches, and, finally driven to the last resort of the wretched, "went on the streets by degrees." For months she "had not been able to earn more than from six to seven shillings a week, and out of that had to pay three shillings a week rent." The whole family "lived upon bread and butter, and had not enough of that," while "at odd times" they procured "a little tea." The result was that the youngest of the children died of starvation, and thus another of those domestic tragedies was consummated within easy reach of thousands of people who, if they could but have known of the case, would have given their coats off their backs to prevent it. But what we would urge is, that the original causes of such things should be inquired into and removed, not that isolated cases should be remedied. The most pregnant fact in this instance is that the woman had already applied for and received relief from the work-house, and it left such an impression upon her that she came to the conclusion that "a crust of bread outside, got anyhow," was preferable to going there again. It is useless to inquire what work-house it was which indirectly brought about such a result, for they are much alike, or to point out the necessity for the reform of one except as a step towards procuring the reform of all.

The poet has said that "distance lends enchantment to the view," but it also frequently happens that distance prevents persons either forming an adequate conception of, or attaching suitable importance to, events which, had they happened in their own immediate neighbourhood, would have made an impression never to be forgotten. This observation applies with great force to the famine which has within the past few months desolated the province of Orissa, in India. We have now received fuller details of this terrible calamity, and it appears from the report made by the commissioner of the Bombay Government that the number of human beings who have perished from want of food has amounted to upwards of half a million, and that in some places three-fourths of the entire population have perished. The entire population of Orissa is estimated at about four and a half millions, and when our last advices left the official returns showed the mortality to be at the rate of about one hundred and fifty a day. In other districts the famine produced similar results, and, taken on the whole, it is believed that the loss of life far exceeds that which has attended any visitation of a like kind during the past century. On preceding occasions famine has made itself felt over a greater range of territory, and its victims have been taken from a more numerous population. But in the present instance the blow has fallen within a comparatively limited area, and amongst a population which, regarded from the same point of view, is small. It is only a few years since the intelligence of a famine in India reached this country, and elicited that generous response which no more readily make under such circumstances than the English people. Committees were organized, subscription lists

opened, and large sums of money were collected for distribution amongst the sufferers; and when the tidings of the recent, and we are also compelled to add the present, disaster arrived here, steps were forthwith taken by the then Lord Mayor of the City of London to collect funds for the relief of our suffering fellow-subjects in India. An intimation received from the Secretary for India, to the effect that the assistance of the charitable was not needed, prevented the benevolent intentions of the Lord Mayor being realized. Mail after mail from Bombay told the sad story that thousands continued to die from want of food, and meeting after meeting was held in the Mansion House, but again and again were the designs of the benevolent thwarted by assurances that the Indian Government were in no want of the proffered aid. Without venturing at the present moment to assert that the Indian authorities did not do all that could be done to mitigate the severity of this terrible famine, it must be admitted that the mortality has reached a point which gives rise to a strong presumption that the assistance so generously offered by the English people would not have been entirely unavailing.

The Court.

The Queen drove out in a sledge on Saturday afternoon, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole.

The Queen and their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, attended divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. R. Duckworth officiated.

The Belgian minister and Madame Van de Weyer had the honour of dining with the Queen and the royal family.

On Saturday, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the infant Prince Albert-Victor, left Holkham Hall, the seat of the Earl of Leicester, and returned to Sandringham House.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, attended by the Viscountess Walden, General Knollys, Major G. H. Grey, and the Hon. E. Yorke, attended divine service at Sandringham Church on Sunday morning. The Rev. W. Lake Onslow, M.A., officiated and preached.

ROYAL PROSPECTS FOR 1867.

We find the following language attributed to Victor Emmanuel, in reply to the recent address of the Italian Chambers:—

"For some days past I have been hearing a good deal about economy. Doubtless, economy is very necessary, but we must take care not to introduce it where it would be fatal—for example, in the army. Ill-considered economy in the war budget might probably disorganize the army. Now, it might happen from one moment to another, that the army may be called on not only to defend the frontiers, but to acquire new glory on other fields of battle."

The King of Prussia gave a grand dinner on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of his entry into the army, at which were present Generals von Moltke, de Falkenstein, Herworth, Manteuffel, de Roon, Steinmetz, and Count Bismark. His Majesty proposed the following toast:—

"In the midst of all of you I salute the new year and the end of one of the most memorable for Prussia. The following years ought to produce the harvest of the sanguinary seed-time we have passed. For that we shall want all our forces, and then that blessing will not fail us which was so visibly with us during the past year. As a testimony of a solemn act, I have collected the heroes of an army in which I entered sixty years ago. Following the example of my father, I have led the army so cared for by him and my late brother to the victories which you, devoting your blood and your lives, have carried off. I thank you all. Long live the nation which has produced such an army!"

The same day the King gave the names of Bismark, Roon, de Moltke, and Herworth to four streets in Berlin.

LITERARY ACTIVITY OF THE YEAR.—During the past year there have appeared 4,201 new books, and new editions:—Religious books and pamphlets, 849; biographical and historical, 194; medical and surgical, 160; poetry and the drama, 232; novels, 390; minor fiction and children's books, 544; travels, topography, and geography, 195; annuals and serials (volumes only), 225; agriculture, horticulture, &c., 64; English philology and education, 196; European and classical philology and translation, 161; law, 84; naval, military, and engineering, 39; science, natural history, &c., 147; trade and commerce, 79; politics and questions of the day, 167; illustrated works, 85; art, architecture, &c., 34; miscellaneous, not classified, 359—total, 4,204.—*The Bookseller*

ARREST OF A GENTLEMAN ON A CHARGE OF ROBBERY.—For several months past a gentleman named Stewart, said to be a captain in the army, has been living with his wife and family in the parish of Hurstbourne Tarrant, during which time he has become well known to the inhabitants of Andover and neighbourhood, and to the gentlemen of the Tedworth hunt, with which pack he was often seen hunting in scarlet. Some considerable consternation was caused on Friday afternoon, when it became known that the captain was in the hands of the borough police, charged with robbing a Mr. Henly, a farmer of Linkenholt, of some Bank of England notes. On the next morning he was taken before the Rev. C. Dodson, at Penton, who, after hearing the case, remanded him till Saturday, when a special meeting of the county magistrates was to be held to hear the case. The main features are these:—On the 14th of December last, Mr. Henly and Captain Stewart were both in Andover, and went to Hurstbourne together, the captain riding with Mr. Henly in his carriage. At this time Mr. Henly says he had a pocket-book containing, amongst other papers, seven £5 Bank of England notes. When he arrived home, he found that his pocket-book was missing. He communicated with the superintendent of police at Andover, Mr. Campbell, and the pocket-book, papers, and notes were advertised for, and a reward offered for their recovery; at the same time, the numbers being known, the authorities of the Bank of England were communicated with, and the notes stopped. Mr. Campbell, a few days after, received a letter from the Bank, stating that some of the notes had been paid in. He immediately proceeded to London, and traced the notes to the parties, who stated that they had received them from Captain Stewart, for the purpose of getting them changed for notes of larger value. These are the bare facts of the case so far as the prosecution is concerned. On the other hand, it is but justice to the accused to say that his answer to the charge is that Mr. Henly lent him the notes. The captain has been the whole week in gaol, the magistrate having refused bail.—*Salisbury Journal*.

FATAL SHIPWRECKS.

On Saturday night, during the gale and snowstorm, the iron ship James Crossfield, of 1,000 tons, bound from Calcutta for Liverpool, was wrecked off Loughness Point, Isleman. All hands were lost. She had on board nearly 1,700 bales of cotton.

A sad disaster occurred at Great Yarmouth, on Monday, resulting in the total loss of two vessels, while there is every reason to believe that their crews also perished. The weather on Saturday night was exceedingly stormy. There was a terrific gale from the S.E., the wind blowing with the force of a hurricane, while the sea ran mountains high, so that no ordinary boat could live in it. At about eleven p.m. flares were seen in the south part of the roadstead in the direction of Gorleston, and about midnight a large vessel, which afterwards proved to be the Ark, of Sunderland, was driven ashore to the south of the harbour. The Coastguard fired rockets, and the mortar apparatus was used, but there was not a soul on board the stranded ship. It is supposed that the crew took to their boats. At daylight on Sunday the masts of another brig were seen to the E.S.E. of the pier, and, from a boat which was subsequently picked up, it is believed that the Strab, of Sunderland, is also lost.

Captain Shaw, the Ramsgate harbour-master, reports the following gallant services performed by the lifeboat Bradford, of the National Lifeboat Institution, stationed at that port. Shortly before eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the wind blowing from E.S.E., with thick fog, guns were heard at intervals of five minutes, apparently from the North Sand Head and Gull Lightships. The Bradford lifeboat and the harbour steam-tug Aid were immediately manned, and left the harbour about 8.10 a.m. At this time the wind increased and the thick fog suddenly dispersed, when a schooner was observed on shore on the off part of the North Sand Head. The Aid, with the lifeboat, proceeded through the Gull Channel, towards the North Sand Head, and on arriving in the Gull Stream, at 8.30 a.m., fell in with a ship's boat with eight men on board. The lifeboat hove to and they came alongside, and were taken on board the boat. They reported the vessel to be the schooner Mizpah, 110 tons, of Brixham, from Amsterdam to Genoa, cargo sugar. The tug then returned to the harbour with the crew, at a quarter past nine a.m. The master of the Mizpah reports that she went ashore about seven p.m. the previous evening. On the tide flowing the water was over the cabin floor, when they soon after left her and got on the brig Faith, of Boston, riding in the Gull Stream, where they remained until the morning. On the brig getting under way they left in their boat for the shore, and were picked up by the lifeboat. Again, about half-past eleven o'clock on Saturday night, when it was blowing a heavy gale and a heavy sea was breaking, signal guns and rockets were fired from the Gull Lightship. The lifeboat once more put off in tow of the steam-tug, and proceeded in the direction of the light-vessel, and on arriving they were told that a large flaring light of distress had been observed in a south-easterly direction. At this time it was thick with snow, and it was agreed to keep about the sands until daylight, but about three o'clock it was so intensely cold that the lifeboat and tug were forced to return to the harbour. As, however, it was probable that the services of the lifeboat were required to some distressed vessel, she was again taken out about eight o'clock on Monday morning, in a strong gale and tremendous sea. This time, it being broad daylight, they discovered a vessel ashore, close to the Trinity Beacon. After attempting no less than six times to bring the lifeboat alongside the vessel on shore, through a very heavy sea and broken water, they succeeded at last in saving the crew, ten in number, from the wreck, the lifeboat losing both anchors and cables in the service, and arrived in the harbour with the shipwrecked men all safe at 2.15 p.m. The crew when taken off were very much exhausted. She proved to be the Danish bark Aurora Borealis, of Ribe, Smith master, 236 tons, from Newcastle for Messina, cargo coals; went on shore at 4.30 a.m. Jarman, the coxswain of the lifeboat, reports that he never encountered such terrific weather, intense cold, and heavy sea in all his experience. The crew could not have been saved without the assistance of the steam-tug.

About midnight on Saturday one of the most severe gales from the S.E. that has been experienced for some years burst on the north-eastern coast. It was accompanied by blinding showers of hail, which seemed to cut the face as they were blown before the gale among the watchers on the coast. From twelve o'clock until five on Sunday morning the wind blew a hurricane, and in consequence we have had the greatest loss of shipping at the mouth of the Tyne experienced this winter. A look-out was kept by the preventive men, and the lifeboat crews, and about twenty minutes past twelve on Saturday night the man on the look-out on the south side of the Tyne saw a vessel coming ashore behind the south pier. He burnt a blue light, and immediately three guns were fired from the Spanish Battery, which was the signal for the South Shields Life Brigade to muster. The south pier was covered with ice, and the preventive men and the pier police had to crawl down on their hands and knees, as they could not stand before the blast, while carrying the hawser and rocket lines down. About twenty of the Life Brigade mustered, who were soon increased to fifty, and three or four rockets were fired over the ship; but the crew seemed to be so benumbed with the cold and terrified by the tremendous gale that they could not use the lines when they had them fired on board. The three Shields lifeboats, the Providence, the Tyne, and the Northumberland, were got out and fully manned; but such was the force of the wind and sea that, though the crews of them pulled with all their strength for two hours, they never could get the boats outside the harbour, and were at last obliged to abandon the enterprise and return into port. The first vessel which came ashore was the Mary Mac, of Whitstable, and an hour after that another Whitstable vessel, the Margee, so that by three o'clock there were four vessels all behind the south pier, thumping against each other and bumping on the stones, and threatening to knock each other to pieces before the crews could be got off. The night, which was extremely dark, the terrible sea that was running, the gale which blew in violent gusts, and brought with it showers of sleet and hail, the dangerous condition of the pier from the ice, the howling of the wind, and the smashing and crashing of the ships, with the shouts of the seamen and life brigade, the reports of the rockets, and the great excitement of every one lest the ships should break up, and drown the men before they could be got off, made up the elements of a terrible scene. The Mary Mac was driven by the gale alongside the pier, and the crew were at last able to swing themselves from one of the yards, on to the pier, and thus save themselves. The Margee, which came ashore after the Mary Mac, ran into her starboard

quarter, which she smashed in. She also carried away her mainmast; but, as she was the innermost ship, the crew of the Margee were instructed by the life brigade to get on board of her, and they had not been there ten minutes when their own ship slid over with her deck to the sea, and immediately broke in two, becoming a perfect wreck. The crew of the Margee were also enabled to swing themselves off the jibboom on to the pier, all except one lad named Payne, belonging to Canterbury, who was making his first voyage. He was paralyzed with fright, and though the crew tried to induce him to do so, he would not leap, and while he was thus hesitating the ship swung over, broke up, and he was thrown once or twice into the air upon the rigging, and was then drowned. The crew of the Margee were brought ashore by the life brigade. As the crew of the Mary Mac were afraid that they could not be saved by the life brigade, they had their long boat out and put a boy into it. But the boat got stove, the boy was washed out and was drowned. Ultimately one of the crew was able to throw a lead line towards the shore, which was caught by a man who plunged into the surf, and the life brigade was thus enabled to get a hawser and cradle off to them and save them. At four o'clock on Sunday morning there was another alarm of a vessel ashore. The William Butcher, of Whitby, ran on to the edge of the Herd Sand. Her crew were taken off by the Pomfret and Gull lifeboat, belonging to the National Lifeboat Society, but the master refused to leave her, and she was taken off with the assistance of three powerful tug steamboats.

FOUND DEAD IN THE SNOW.—MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE. On Monday, Dr. Lancaster held an inquest at the Lord Nelson, Holloway-road, on the body of Matilda Abel, aged forty-nine, who was found dead in the snow on Thursday week, in a field on Hornsey-rise.

Mary Barber, 23, Cross-street, Shoreditch: I am a sister of deceased. She was a silk-winder, and earned about 8s. or 9s. a week. She went at last as nurse at the Great Northern Hospital. She came to me last Wednesday month. She suffered very much in her head. Last Thursday I left her at home. I met her out after that at my sister-in-law's house. I never saw her after that, till she was in the dead-house. She was out of her mind. The doctor pronounced her insane. I have no idea where she could get poison, and if poisoned I think she must have poisoned herself.

Mr. Harston, surgeon, said: I have made a post mortem examination of deceased. There was a bruise on the right cheek. There were marks on her dress showing that some strong acid had been spilled over it. I examined the stomach, which I found very much frozen. I opened the stomach, which I found to contain a mass of dark pulp. I tested for poison, and it gave the reaction of oxalic acid. I think the cause of death was poison by oxalic acid.

George Clark, 4, Highbury-terrace: I found the body on the hill between the Mount Pleasant-road and Hornsey-rise on Thursday evening last. She was quite stiff. I found a policeman and went back to the body with him. This was about five o'clock in the evening. She was lying on her right side, with her bonnet at her feet in the snow. Her hands were clenched, but I saw no signs of a struggle with a second person.

Mary Ann Rose: I am daughter of deceased. I saw her last Thursday at twelve o'clock. Her head has been very bad—so much so that she has not been able to follow her work. I do not know where she could have got the oxalic acid.

The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased committed suicide whilst of unsound mind."

SECURELY MARRIED.—Married at Stratford, on the 27th inst., at the residence of Adam Argo, Esq., by the Rev. T. McPherson, assisted by the Rev. A. Drummond, of Shakspeare, the Rev. T. Lowry, of West's Corners, the Rev. Robert Hamilton, of Fullerton, the Rev. Robert Hall, of Nisour, the Rev. Robert Renwick, of Elma, the Rev. John Fotheringham, of Hibbert, and the Rev. Mr. James, of Galt, Archibald M. Taggart, Esq., to Catharine McKay, both of Dundas.—*Stratford Beacon* (Canadian Paper).

MODERN NESTORS.—From a list of fellows of the Royal Society, it appears that the eldest members of it are Lord Brougham, late Lord High Chancellor; Sir Henry Ellis, late librarian of the British Museum; and Mr. William Lawrence, late president of the Royal College of Surgeons, the youngest of whom is in his eighty-fourth year, having been born in July, 1783.

AN EARL IN A COUNTY COURT.—At the Newmarket County Court, at Cambridge, the cause *Elkin v. the Earl of Wilchelsea* was recently tried. It was an action for £10 5s. for hire of carriages, conveyances, lodging, &c. The judge had received a letter from the noble defendant, complaining that he had been overcharged £1 1s. and enclosing a cheque for £9 1s., which was, of course, returned. His Honour said he could not recognise a letter written to him respecting a matter he was to hear and try. Mr. Elkin proved that the earl had engaged a carriage for four days, at £1 5s. per day, and that the amount of lodgings was £3, which, with horses and servants, made up the amount of his claim. Mr. W. O. Kitchener appeared for the plaintiff, and in explaining the case hinted that the earl could have no reasonable grounds for objecting, especially as he had paid the same charge at previous meetings. Immediate payment was ordered.

NOVEL PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—On Monday morning a foot-race of a novel character came off for a stake of £10. The match was one in which a young medical student, named Hemmings, backed himself to run four times round the church railings of St. Clement Dane's Church, in the Strand, while the clock struck the hour of twelve and chimed the usual "Lass of Gowrie." The start was made at the first stroke of the clock bell, and a smart race was kept up. Each lap round is 170 yards, and the pedestrian having accomplished four circuits when the clock hammer had twenty repeats to make, he walked in a winner. The clock occupied three minutes in striking the hour and chiming the tune.

COMMITTAL FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.—On Monday, Robert Caesar Bacon, the son of Major Bacon, and himself recently a lieutenant in the 23rd Fusiliers, was taken before a magistrate at Hythe, Kent, charged with obtaining money under false pretences. In November, 1865, Mr. Bacon was residing at Sandgate, near Shorncliffe Camp, and just before leaving obtained sums of money, exceeding £100 in all, on various cheques drawn on the Albert-gate (Knightsbridge) Branch of the London and County Bank, with which he had at that time no account. Warrants were issued against him a few days afterwards, and then Major Bacon made proposals for payment of the cheques and stoppage of proceedings; but nothing coming of those proposals, Mr. Bacon, on the 22nd ultimo, gave himself up at Bow-street, referring the inspector to the *Penny Gazette* of December, 1865, in which his person and offence were described. Two cases only were gone into. In both the prisoner appeared to have obtained change for cheques on the bank at the time he had no account there. He was committed for trial.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

The meeting at the rooms on Monday was not only deficient in numbers, but there was a marked absence of the "gentlemen," and a consequent dearth of interest in the proceedings. The only feature of the afternoon was the retrogression of Plaudit, against whom there was a manifest disposition to lay, and an unwillingness, equally observable, among the few backers present to accept the comparatively liberal odds offered against the Richmond colt. He was backed, it is true, at 9 to 2 in two or three instances for the Two Thousand Guineas, but for small amounts only, and in the end this offer went begging. About Hermit there was a similar degree of indifference, for although an occasional investment was made at 5 to 1, these odds were readily obtainable to any amount, and the only other transactions that came under our notice for this event were a small outlay on Master Butterfly at the quoted odds, and a single investment on Trocadero at 500 to 15. For the Derby The Rake maintained his position of first favourite at 7 to 1, but the horse most inquired after was D'Estournel, who was freely supported at 11 to 1, and thus supplanted Plaudit for second favouritism. Grand Cross was also in request, and a gentleman entrusted with a commission in his favour, after vainly endeavouring to obtain 1,000 to 35, was content to accept the odds offered, 25 to 1. The remaining transactions were Master Butterfly, supported at 1,000 to 35, The Priest at 50 to 1, and Avron at 1,000 to 15. A bet was also laid of 500 to 450 on Dragon against Grand Cross. The prices at the close were as follow:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—9 to 2 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t and off); 5 to 1 agst Mr. Chaplin's Hermit (t and off); 15 to 1 agst Mr. R. Eastwood's Master Butterfly (t); 500 to 15 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Trocadero (t).

THE DERBY.—7 to 1 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (t and off); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Savile's D'Estournel (t freely); 11 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (off); 25 to 1 agst Lord Burghley as Grand Cross (t); 1,000 to 35 agst Mr. R. Eastwood's Master Butterfly (t); 50 to agst Mr. A. Williams's The Priest (t and off); 1,000 to 15 agst Duke of Hamilton's Avron (t and off); 500 to 450 on Dragon agst Grand Cross (t).

THE PLAZA DEL ORIENTE, AT MADRID.

While Spain is still excited, and the political crisis unresolved, people feel more than ordinary interest in the capital where pride and ignorance walk hand in hand, and where intrigue is the serious business of two hundred thousand human beings.

Among the most interesting parts of the Spanish capital, visitors all reckon the vicinity of the Palace Royal, and especially the two Plazas, which belong to that regal residence. One of these, the Plaza del Oriente, shown in our illustration on page 489, was, we read, first projected by the brother of Napoleon, during his brief term of authority, as a Place du Carrousel; but in the fearful scuffle that ensued the houses were demolished; and when the restoration of the fickle Ferdinand took place, it was a heap of rubbish.

The spurious Bourbon cast his royal eyes over the spot, took pity on its wretched condition, thought it conveniently near his palace, and resolved upon turning it to account. Accordingly, when the ruins had been removed, and the ground levelled, a magnificent theatre soon raised its front; grounds were laid out, and decorated with the statues of royal personages; and in the centre of a circular garden was placed the grand equestrian statue of that king of the House of Austria, known as Philip the Fourth.

There are several buildings of importance in the Place del Oriente, but that which at once strikes the eye is the Palace, the scene of so many of those follies and crimes that have disgraced the name of Bourbon.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN AUSTRALIA.

Our readers need scarce be reminded that Christmas Day, as far as the season of the year is concerned, is the very opposite of that of the mother country. Here we anticipate frost and snow, and one of our greatest enjoyments and social comforts is found in the blazing fires. In Australia, Christmas comes in the sweltering hot summer; and yet the day is not forgotten there. If our readers will turn to the engraving on page 488, they will find the plum-pudding characteristics of Old England still maintained, and also the cheerful welcome to friends dropping in on the auspicious day. Our picture will be found highly amusing in all its phases.

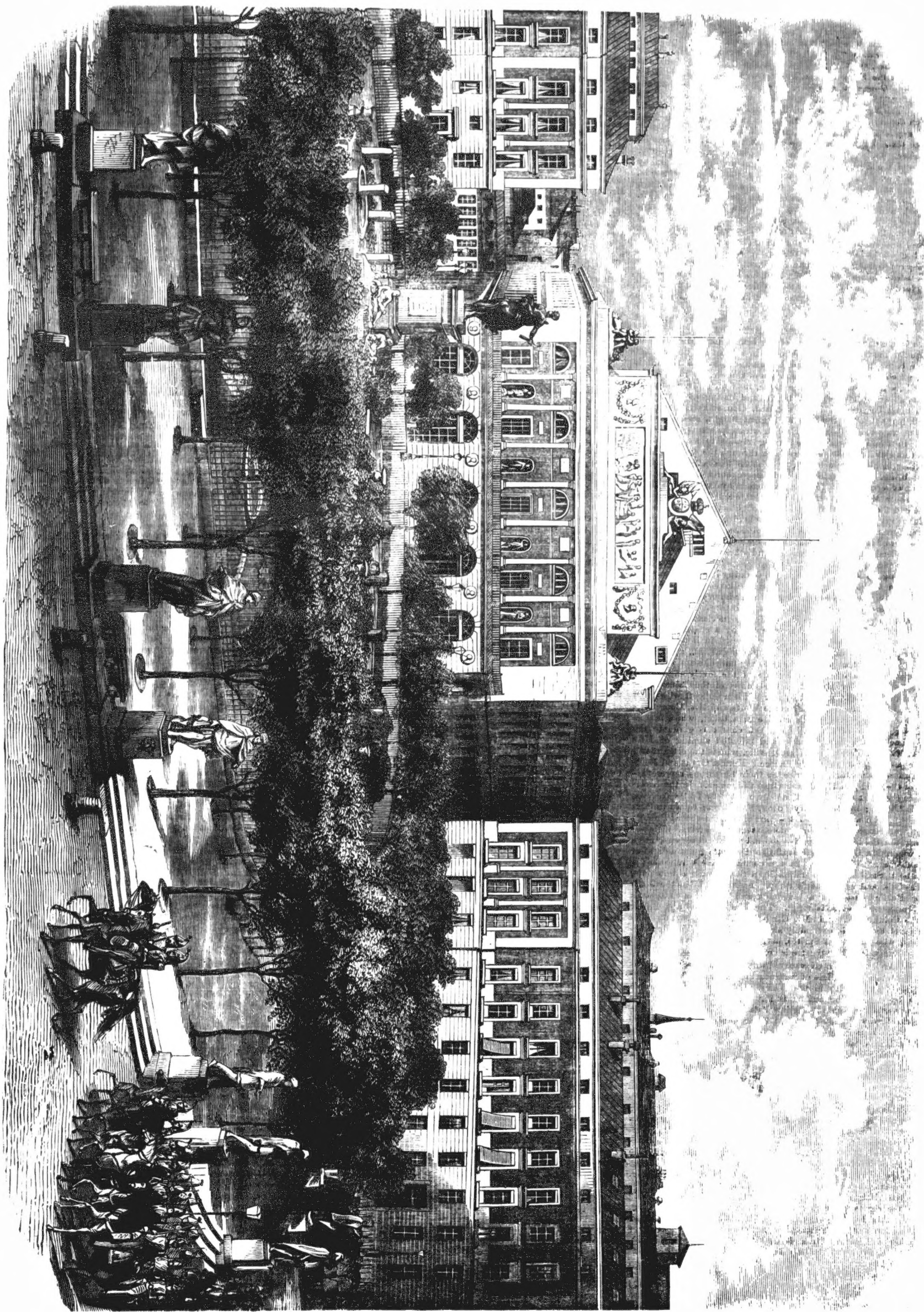
THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE POLES.—We (*Times*) have much pleasure in recording an act redounding to the honour of the Prince of Wales's private character. While in St. Petersburg, during his last visit, he solicited of the Emperor of Russia, as a personal favour, the liberation of Count Stanislas Zamoycki (son of Count Andrew Zamoycki), confined in Siberia, which request was readily and gracefully acceded to. The count has since returned to Warsaw, to the great joy of his family, who, no less than the whole Polish nation, feel most grateful for his royal highness for his noble conduct.

CLEVER SWINDLING.—A fashionably-dressed young man drove up in a hansom to the door of one of the principal hotels in the City a day or two ago. His portmanteau was carried in, and he engaged a sitting-room and a bedroom, which latter he was most particular about, as it was, as he said, for his intended bride, whom he expected shortly to arrive. He said that they intended going to the opera in the evening, and, opening his portmanteau, he placed his dress-shirt and his slippers before the fire. He then ordered dinner, and asked to see the landlord, whom he informed that he wished to purchase a quantity of plate, and asked him to recommend a good silversmith. Having received the requisite recommendation, he went out, and before very long returned, accompanied by the foreman of the silversmith, who brought a quantity of plate. The lady had in the meantime arrived, and her future husband was informed that she was in the bedroom. He took out a check-book and wrote a check for the amount of the plate, saying to the foreman, "I think the lady will like this fiddle pattern, I must show them to her. I will not ask you to take this check; the waiter will get change for it from the landlord." He then took the plate into the bedroom, and the waiter went downstairs to the landlord, who declined to give change. The foreman remained in the sitting-room, and on the return of the waiter said he would wait a little longer, and not disturb the gentleman. After some time, however, the bed-room door was opened, and it was then found that the "gentleman and lady" had departed, taking with them the plate. The matter is in the hands of the police, who seem as yet to have no clue to the discovery of the swindler.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN AUSTRALIA. (See page 487.)

THE PLAZA DEL ORIENTE AT MADRID. (See page 487.)



THE PLAZA DEL ORIENTE AT MADRID. (See page 487.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

GRECIAN.—Last year we had "The Bottle Imp" for the Christmas attraction, which was highly successful. This year the pantomime is called "The Devil on Two Sticks; or, Harlequin the Golden Tree, the Golden Bird, and the Golden Fish; or, the Princess and the Fairy Fancies." It is written and arranged by Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Spry. The scenic artists are Mr. William Calcott, Mr. Messender, and Mr. Soames. The curtain, on rising, reveals a scene in a fog, with Christmas, Mirth, and Fun debating about the subject for an Opening. The first-named gentleman has a plum pudding for his body, a piece of beef for his head, and a knife and fork for arms and hands. A Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Apothecary, Plough-boy, Thief, and the Sun, all emblematically got-up, are called on by the jolly trio. In the second scene, by the Carmine Cascade, Chang-che-chi-cho-cha (Mr. H. Grant), a mighty rebel chief, appears, attended by Hankey-Pankey (Mr. Goodin), Flunkiee (Mr. Jackson), and other chiefs, with whom are associated Munkee Bow-wow; and Small sets himself up against Chang, his chief object being to get from him the Princess Zamora, a lovely Moorish captive (Miss De Lacey). Young Syng (Miss M. A. Victor), a fisher lad, who is in love with the princess, on hearing that he who aspires to the fair one's hand must catch four pairs of golden fishes, betakes himself to angling, and hooks a jar, from which comes forth the Devil on Two Sticks (Mr. G. Conquest). Out of gratitude for his liberty the demon rewards Syng with a magic cap, by the aid of which he is to secure the golden fish, and also the golden bird, which stole Hay's golden apples, and so gain the princess. The Evil One soon after sees Zamora sleeping in the Golden Orchard, and, regardless of his benefactor, determines to appropriate the lady himself. Henceforth, a most exciting contest goes on between the sprite and his antagonists. In the ninth scene, which is a capital representation of the gloomy ruins of an old castle, a phantom fight takes place, in which Mr. Conquest exhibits an amount of agility, talent, and daring as the Devil, which must be seen to be appreciated. He sinks through the ground, leaps through the wall at a great height, and, at other times, mounts to a trapeze, perched on which he seems as though poised in the air, without anything visible to support him. From this elevated post he dives down through the ground, and, altogether, in his movements, behaves more like a spirit than a human being. The mysterious and supernatural nature of this ubiquitous creature is further exhibited by feats of magic, which show Mr. Conquest to be a great adept in legerdemain. In the end the Devil relents, and Syng obtains the Princess, when the dungeons beneath the ghostly necromancer's abode change to the transformation scene of Le Nid d'une Fée, which is a superior work of art of its class. At first the spectator beholds coralline network, resplendent in gold, vermillion, and other colours. By slow degrees tropical plants and flowers of gorgeous hues are developed; then a filling up of elegant design and dazzling lustre is seen. The background is usually occupied by a dozen lovely fairies in azure skirts. On either side are numerous other human angels, whose graceful forms are arranged in rosette drapery. In the front is a beautiful group of three living figures in classical costume, and a central lofty position is occupied by a charming young queen of the fairies, who has a golden sceptre in her hand, and a glittering coronet on her head. The *tout ensemble*, as seen by the light of the coloured fires, is extremely fairylike and splendid. Particular mention ought to be made of the lovely and artistic scene called the Fairy Retreat of the Banks of the China Aster, which is designed and painted by Mr. William Calcott with great ability. In this scene Miss Florence White and Mrs. Conquest's numerous young clever pupils engage in a ballet, which is executed with grace and skill. A great charm is given to the pantomime by the lively acting and talented singing of Miss Victor, Miss De Lacey, and Miss Denville, who is the elegant and nimble personator of the Fairy Fancies. Messrs. Grant and Jackson also render valuable service by their humorous representations of the bald-pated and long-tailed Chinamen. In the harlequinade the greatest bustle and fun are created by Little Rowella, who is Clown; by Mr. Harry Power, Pantaloon; by a nameless gentleman, who well performs the part of a much-abused Bobby; and by numerous auxiliaries, who efficiently and vivaciously represent the Soldier, Nurse, Sweep, and various other characters with whom Mr. Clown takes such liberties to the great delight of the audience. The scenes in the comic business represent a Steamboat Station at the riverside, a Street with a Butcher's, a Chemist's, and an Oilman's Shop. Another exhibits the Jolly Sailor Public-house and a Windmill, and another a Stationer's and Music-seller's establishment. The Misses Watts and Butler are the Columbines, and Mr. Onoid is the Harlequin. The dancing of the trio is extremely airy and elegant. The Brothers Leopold, who officiate as Sprites, perform various clever acrobatic feats at intervals. The theatre is crowded nightly.

ALEXANDRA.—Mr. Giovannelli produces this year, at Highbury Barn, the pantomime of "Prince Pippo, ye Fayre Mayde of Islington; or, Harlequin the Fairy Magpie and the Twelve Magic Spoons." The author is Mr. H. C. Hazlewood. The opening scene represents the Fairy Palace of Shooting Stars, the meteoric display of November last being depicted with considerable effect. It is here, of course, that the key-note is given to the plot, Queen Sunbeam (Miss Musgrave) and her fairy court being struck with horror at the tyrannical threatenings of King Spoonye (Mr. Mordaunt), to whom the possession of the twelve magic spoons has given unlimited power. The second scene is the Exterior of Spoonye Castle, the solid-looking walls and battlements being well designed. It is here that the redoubtable monarch makes his appearance, attended by his guards, and here, too, that a couple of important personages in the story, Prince Pippo (Miss Eliza Hamilton) and Ninetta (Miss Heathcote), come upon the scene—the former in the guise of a shoe-black attached to the royal household, and the latter as a female domestic, both being subject to the assumptions of young Prince Spoonye (Miss Collier), who is impertinent and self-assuming. The well-known incident of the magpie stealing the spoon deprives the King of his power, and in the end gives to Prince Pippo the rights of which he has been so unjustly deprived. Pending this happy consummation, however, there is much "botheration and explanation" brought about by the arrival of the father of Ninetta, Fernando de Villabello (Mr. J. G. Taylor), as a deserter from the Spoony Guards, who claims his long-lost child, and in his distress throws himself upon her protection. He is without an article of value in the world, except a spoon, which he entrusts to Ninetta as a means of raising money. She in turn sells it to Isaac de Solomons (Mr. Giovannelli), who assigns it to the melting pot, and thus Ninetta is prevented producing the spoon as a proof of her innocence when accused of the theft. One of the prettiest scenes in the piece, the fourth, is the

Enchanted Dell in the Valley of Ferns, the wild luxuriance of the towering ferns and bullrushes being very striking. Here a Fairy and Watteau ballet takes place, and is of a very effective character. The Transformation Scene it would be almost impossible to speak of in too high terms, but praise of it may be fairly summed up in a single sentence—that seldom, if ever, has a more beautiful scene been placed upon a stage of similar extent and capabilities to the Alexandra. The Fairy Palace of Sunbeams in the Arcadian Groves of Joy and Beauty, as this really dazzling production is called, is alone worth an exploration of Northern latitudes as high as Highbury to see. It almost baffles description, and when we have said that before it is fully developed some five or six tableaux, each more glittering than the last, is presented to the view, and that the whole exhibits a wealth of silver and gold and colour artistically disposed, and lit up with glittering effectiveness, and further embellished by a number of fairies elegantly posed, we shall content ourselves by leaving the rest to the imagination of the reader. The applause with which the scene is nightly greeted is of the most enthusiastic character. Mr. Giovannelli has to bow his acknowledgments several times; as also the clever painter, Mr. W. Fenoulhet, and the machinist, Mr. H. Ellis. The dresses are very beautiful. A word more with regard to the characters in the opening. Mr. Giovannelli's make-up as Isaac is capital. Mr. Taylor is excellent in the character of the out-at-elbow and altogether down-on-his-luck "deserter," as, indeed, he is in everything—pantstaking, and never losing an opportunity of making a point. Miss Hamilton performs her part very spiritedly; Miss Heathcote looks charming as Minette, Miss Musgrave and Miss Kate Warner do good service, and Mr. Hazlewood, as Inspector Longfitt, of the Spoony police, displays all the little weaknesses to which stage policemen are subject. There are some good songs and a "break down," by Isaac, Fernando, and the principal ladies. The comic business is sustained by Mr. E. Campbell, an active Clown; Miss Burrows, as Columbine; Mr. C. Braide, Pantaloon; and Mr. Wright, Harlequin. There are many hits on passing events. After the performances in the theatre there is dancing as usual to Mr. Isaacson's band in the Great Hall, which has been prettily decorated for the season.

PAVILION.—With the exception of two or three houses, we have given all the plots of the pantomimes. We now proceed with the description of those omitted. At the far East-end the Pavilion has "Sinbad, the Sailor; or, Harlequin Old Man of the Sea, the Emperor, the Ogre, the Good Fairy, and the Princess." It is cleverly written by Mr. C. H. Hazlewood, and Mr. Powell has spared no expense in placing it on the stage. Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea have many times formed the subject of a pantomime, and the heroic adventurer finds a good representative here in Mrs. Powell, who sings and dances as well as ever, and whose clever and pointed sayings are not lost upon the audience. Mr. Henry Vivash plays the Old Man of the Sea (his burlesque is capital), and the Emperor Wushtandhab finds a comical delineator in Mr. Will Hill. Hurliburblowblow, Mr. Charles Coutts, Captain Ben Rasti, Mr. J. Bison, and Mustapha, Mr. W. Archer, are all well represented. Coralie (Sinbad's Guardian Genius) by Miss Eliza Neil, and Goloonda (the Spirit of the Diamond Valley), by Mrs. Bowden, are also well sustained; while during the opening a pretty ballet of Nymphs, headed by the Sisters Duvall, is one of the most taking effects. The scenery is by Mr. Quick, who has received hearty applause for the ballet scene—the Fairy Home in the Islands of Prismatic Coral—and the transformation picture—the Kaleidoscopic Temple, with Myriad Gems and Sparkling Diamonds. The latter effect is really beautiful, and worthy of the painter and designer, with whom must be associated the machinist, Mr. Lyng. Among other scenic effects, the seashore, near Bassorah, the Cavern of King Hurly-Burly, and the Valley of Diamonds are well worthy of mention, as are the masks, devices, and dresses by Mr. T. Thorne and assistants. The comic scenes, by Mr. Simmons, consist of the Marble Arch, a Pill Chemist, and Crusty Baker, and Cabbage, Tailor, Wax, Shoemaker, and Wiggins, Barber; and the harlequinade characters are played by Little Giovannelli, Clown; Mr. Alfred Clancy, Pantaloon; Mr. Sylvain, Harlequin; Miss H. Duvall, Columbine; and Miss R. Duvall, Harlequin (*a la Watteau*). "Les Freres D'Jean," four in number, are the Sprites, and display the customary agility of their class; while the Misses Duvall, who have the arrangement of the dances, look very handsome and graceful, the one that represents Harlequin especially so. The Clown and Pantaloon are able to produce any amount of fun. A "Reform Speech," in front of the Marble Arch, by the Clown, is particularly droll and comic, and the tricks played by him and his companions create plenty of mirth, and the *finale*, the Realms of Happiness, worthily winds up the pantomime.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—We have already given a short account of the Christmas entertainments here, but Mr. Nelson Lee's pantomime deserves further details, which we herewith proceed to give. As previously stated, its title is "Little Miss Muffit; or, Harlequin King Spider and the Knight of the Silver Shield." The first scene introduces us to the Spider's retreat, where the arrival of his Majesty is hailed by a number of attendant insects. The cobweb opening, Little Miss Muffit is seen "sitting on a tuft," engaged in eating a bowl of porridge. King Spider, enraptured at the vision, determines upon seizing her and carrying her off to his castle. But his evil intentions being divined by a good fairy, she resolves to defeat them. We next enter the enchanted forest, where Prince Peerless is hunting. He is met by the fairy, who shows him a magical view of Little Miss Muffit, dragged away by the Spider King. Incontinently the prince falls in love with Miss Muffit, and hastens to achieve her deliverance. Meanwhile, Miss Muffit, "beautiful as a butterfly," ignorant of the demon's wicked designs, contented and happy in her mother's cottage, is playing at skipping-rope and ball with Johnny Stont, her errand boy, a distant relative of Fat Joe in "Pickwick." Suddenly the Spider King rushes in, and, pouncing upon his prize, carries her off to his best parlour, from which there is no escape for Miss Muffit, to judge from the number of victims already caught in the web that forms its walls. Rescue, however, is at hand, and Prince Peerless, accompanied by his servant, Simple Simon, tracks the King to his castle, penetrates into its recesses sword in hand, does battle with the demon, whom he defeats, if he does not slay, and delivers the fair captive from her thralldom. At this crisis in the story, when the happiness of both hero and heroine is assured, the Transformation takes place; the scene representing several Caryatides and attendant nymphs opening the golden casket of the diamond crescent. This scene is all ablaze with light and colour. The Caryatides are living figures in long robes, some bearing torches, others supporting vases, posed in graceful attitudes, rigid and motionless as statuary, and the casket being opened discloses to view the good fairy reclining on a couch under the diamond crescent. At a wave of her wand the usual transformations follow, and a well-known watchmaker's shop in Cheapside, side

by side with Crummy, the baker's, is presented to view. In front of this Clown and Pantaloon prosecute their mad pranks, and the real fun of the pantomime is chiefly enacted. One of the best and most telling things about it is an example of the uses to which the chignon may be applied. A fashionably dressed female visits Mr. Mainspring's shop, and is detected in the act of pilfering. During the altercation that ensues Clown contrives to cut off the chignon, from which he and his companion extract scores of articles of *bijouterie*, the produce of the day's plunder by the lady shoplifter. Another hit is the haunted inn and police-station. Here the Clown falls asleep on a bench beneath the signboard of the Blue Bottle Inn, but disturbed in his slumbers he awakes to behold a ghost; the post and signboard expanding into a terribly portentous policeman nearly twenty feet high. This effect is produced by machinery, and it created intense merriment among the young folks, who have the weakness, in common with children of a larger growth, of keenly relishing a joke at the expense of "Bobby," who, poor fellow, is always at hand for the rallying of the pantomimists when all other subjects fail.

POLYTECHNIC.—A visit to this institution cannot fail to give much gratification. Professor Pepper's programme of entertainments really surpasses any we recollect on former occasions. The performances include everything calculated to please the Christmas holiday folks. A new entertainment is given by Mr. J. J. King on the art of balancing, and there is exhibited a most astonishing figure, called "The Automatic Leotard, a la Frankenstein." The model is beautifully symmetrical, and the muscles which would be naturally developed by athletic sports are most artistically represented. The "Leotard" is a study, and on a trapeze twenty-five feet long, with a swing of fifty feet, performs all the extraordinary and daring evolutions of its famed prototype. "The Christmas Carol" is the vehicle for "the ghost effects." The recital runs through four scenes, beautifully designed by Mr. O'Connor, of which "Scrooge's Door" and the "Old Royal Exchange" particularly deserve mention. Naturally Scrooge is the hero, and we have visitations from "Marley," the ghosts of "the past," "present," and "the future," and in fact no opportunity is lost of introducing them. The effect is remarkably well managed when Scrooge sees Marley's face on the knocker. Some very charming dissolving views illustrate our hero's earlier life—"The deserted boy in his schoolroom," "his early love," and "the lone grave," indicated by his mysterious visitant. The interest of the story is well sustained, and some of Box's most genial and hearty descriptions are happily introduced. "Two carols," sung, we presume, by "the cherubs," lend musical effect. Mr. Frewin is to be complimented upon the incidental music used. Mr. Damer Cape, who gives the reading, sustains his position as a "Shaksperian reader." Professor Pepper also supplies a scientific entertainment, introducing an optical instrument, "the Eidoscope," which is a marvellously ingenious and interesting invention. Two perforated discs of metal, circular in form (attached in the centre), by their evolutions, easily manipulated by the hand, give all the effects of the kaleidoscope, producing figures geometrically correct and exquisitely beautiful. When thrown on the disc with the aid of the lantern the effects are novel and various. The head of "the decapitated" receives its usual accord of enthusiasm. Another form of the illusion gives Miss Blanche Reeves as Ariel, in a gorgeous cut-glass star, brilliantly illuminated. The effect is really beautiful, and the lady receives a well-deserved encore for her pure vocalism of "Where the Bee Sucks." Mr. Cape again renders service as the Alchemist and Shakspeare. Mr. G. W. Jester, the popular and clever ventriloquist, appears in "Heads and Tales; or, Table-rapping Extraordinary," and creates the usual amount of laughter. Mr. George Buckland treats the old story of "Whittington and his Cat" pictorially and musically, with his well-known powers and ability. Again, we have very charming dissolving views and spectral effects. Herr Schalkenbach, on his newly-invented "piano orchestra," "with electro motion," introduces classical and popular music in a judicious manner. The hall presents a festive appearance, and is hung with banners.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. Henry Leslie's concert on Saturday evening last was much better attended than might have been expected, considering all circumstances of weather. The whole of the *artistes* gave their services, the concert being for charitable purposes. Mr. Leslie's proficient choir took a prominent part, and sang with exquisite delicacy. The peculiar perfection of the choir was strikingly displayed in Joseph Barnby's beautiful part-song, "Sweet and low," and Mr. Leslie's harmonized version of "Auld Lang Syne." Madame Lemmens-Sherrington gave with charming feeling a French song by Victor Massé, and took the first part in Sir H. Bishop's immortal "Chow and Crow." Madame Sainton-Dolby was extremely well received when she came before the audience, and, among other things, sang Charles Horn's almost forgotten song, "The deep, deep sea." Mr. Santley was vociferously encored in a new song by Signor Arditi, and called "The Gift and the Giver." One of W. H. Cummings' solos was "The Bay of Biscay" (encored), and Mr. C. Lyall sang "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee." Miss Bennett, who as a *pianiste* is equal to playing far better music than that she selected, was encored in C. Voss's "Ecume de Perles." Miss Austine's name also appeared as a *pianiste*, and M. Sainton gave a violin solo of his own composition. An apology was made for the absence of M. Lemmens, who was unable to be present from indisposition. The names of Mr. Chaplin Henry, Miss Fosbrooke, Madame Clara West, and M. Regondi also graced Mr. Leslie's programme.

THE ALHAMBRA.—The principal amusements provided here are two splendidly-mounted ballets, and a pantomime scene, each perfect in its way. "The Mountain Gorge; or, the Brigand's Stronghold," is the title of the ballet, invented by M. Milano, and produced under his personal superintendence. It is placed upon the stage with that completeness and attention to detail characteristic of the management, and abounds in picturesque effects. The unrivalled *corps de ballet* of the Alhambra are disposed of to the best possible advantage, and the solo dances are given by artistes of unquestionable proficiency. The "Stronghold" is painted by Mr. William Calcott, and represents a wild mountain pass always associated with the peaked hats, long rifles, cross-gartered extremities, and embroidered velvet jackets of the theatrical brigand. The ballet commences with a dance of Zouaves and peasants. Mr. Green takes up his position on a practicable bridge, and sings therefrom a spirited Zouave Drinking Song, composed by M. Riviera. Mlle. Anais Tournour, a fresh arrival at the Alhambra, and a remarkably graceful danseuse, takes the lead, and is well supported, in the first place, by M. Raymond, as a highly-decorated peasant and a favoured lover, and, secondly, by Mr. Anderson, as an amorous Zouave. Mlle. Anais Tournour is a finished artiste, and the perfection of gracefulness in every movement. The brigands arrive in the disguise of monks, but very quickly abandon false appearances, and appear in rich costume. A dance of Almees with that Alhambra favourite, Miss Carrie Collier, as principal, succeeds, and an effective "Evolution Dance" is included in the ballet. The whole terminates with an uncommonly pretty tableau.

Laws and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
GUILDHALL.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—John Thompson, 18, who gave a false address, and Martin Rook, 17, who refused to say where he lived, were placed at the bar before Alderman Lusk, on remand, charged with stealing a pocket-handkerchief from William Pawson, 121 A division, metropolitan police. On the previous examination it was shown that Obee, 899, saw the two prisoners together in Gracechurch-street, and Thompson was trying to pick Pawson's pocket of his handkerchief. He failed in his attempt, and then Rook tried. Obee followed them to Newgate-street, and there Rook, after several attempts, succeeded in taking the handkerchief, but was at once seized by Pawson. Thompson then ran away, but Obee captured him on the opposite side of the road. They were remanded, in order that the prison authorities might see them. George Agar, senior principal warder of the City Prison at Holloway, now stated that he knew Martin Rook very well. On the 3rd of December, 1863, he was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond, with intent to steal. On the 14th Feb., 1864, he had fourteen days for the unlawful possession of two handkerchiefs. He was also committed for twenty-one days on the 24th of August, 1864; three calendar months on the 14th of November, 1864; three calendar months on the 25th of July, 1865; and three calendar months on the 20th of November, 1865; all of which were for picking pockets. He had also had six calendar months under the Criminal Justices' Act, at the Mansion House, on the 20th of March, 1866, in the name of John Harris. He was out of prison only eight days, when he returned to Holloway for two months, on the 28th of November, 1866, as a rogue and vagabond. These commitments were all to Holloway, but he had besides been three times to Collyer-fields. Thompson was not known anywhere. The prisoners denied all knowledge of each other. Alderman Lusk said it was quite clear the prisoners thought that Pawson was a country farmer, but they had made a dreadful mistake. Thompson said he had done nothing wrong; and Rook said he did pull the handkerchief out of the gentleman's pocket, but he did not know he was a policeman. Alderman Lusk fully committed the prisoners for trial.

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION OF GUILT.—George Johnson, a young man who described himself as a pianoforte-maker, without any fixed residence, was placed at the bar before Alderman Allen, charged, on his own confession, with stealing a quantity of wearing apparel and other articles belonging to Mr. Francis Headlam Keenlyside, barrister, No. 1, Hare-court, Temple. John Green, 121, said that on Saturday afternoon the prisoner came to him at the Fleet-street Station and said that he wished to make a confession. He then told him that about two months ago he was employed to clean the windows at Mr. Keenlyside's chambers, No. 1, Hare-court, and that he had while so engaged stolen three coats, two vests, a pair of trousers, a pair of boots, two plated forks and spoons, a set of gold studs, a five-franc piece, three woollen shirts, and some other articles from the chambers of Mr. Keenlyside. In answer to questions witness had put to him the prisoner said that he had pledged some of the things in Drury-lane, some in Shoreditch, and some at Attenborough's in Fleet-street, and he had sold the tickets to strangers. Witness had seen one shirt at Mr. Attenborough's, and had asked the assistant to produce it in court, but he replied that he should not bring it to Guildhall to be examined. Mr. Keenlyside was out of town, and Green therefore asked for a remand, which was granted. The prisoner was remanded.

CLERKENWELL.

ASSAULT AT A WEDDING.—Frederick James Parks, of 1, Reform-street, Hornsey-road, was summoned to answer the complaint of David Augustus King of having assaulted and beaten him on the morning of the 25th ult., in the parish of Islington. The evidence of the complainant, who made his statement with great vehemence, went to show that he, in company with some other relations, went to the house of the defendant's father on the day before Christmas-day, to a party in honour of a marriage, and also to celebrate the Christmas season. Early on the morning of the 25th, the ladies having retired, he, not feeling very well, was lying on the sofa. The rest of the party were standing round the latter, and having joined hands and sang, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," began to jump and dance round the table (a laugh). The defendant seeing that he (the complainant) was not one of the party, protested that it was not fair that he should be excluded, and demanded that he should stand up; that the song should be sung again, and that he should join in the frisk round the table. To this he demurred, on which the defendant remarked that it was not fair for one to have the whole of the sofa, and in endeavouring to have a portion of the sofa for his use, he struck the complainant in the eye so severe a blow that it blacked it. Mr. Barker said it appeared to him, that as the parties were relatives, and this matter occurred at a convivial and family gathering, the persons had better retire and make matters up. The defendant said that he had all along expressed his regret for what had occurred. The complainant said he could not comply with the magistrate's request. Witnesses were then called for the defence, who deposed to the fact that the complainant and the defendant had been drinking, that a scuffle ensued between them, and who struck the first blow they could not say. Mr. Barker said the case had turned out as he expected. The complaint would be dismissed.

SOUTHWARK.

BAD TREATMENT OF THE POOR.—On Saturday afternoon, a poor woman, apparently about sixty years of age, applied to Mr. Burcham for an order to be admitted into Bermondsey Workhouse. She said that she was the widow of a soldier who died in Montreal, and that she had two sons in the army—one in India and the other at Portsmouth. She was sent to England and sought out the latter, who kept her as long as he was able. She then came up to London in search of employment, and not being able to obtain any she became at last so destitute that she was compelled to seek shelter in the casual ward of the workhouse. On the previous Friday night she slept in the casual ward of Bermondsey Workhouse, and in the morning she asked to be admitted into the house, as she was in a very bad state, but they refused to do so. She, therefore, hoped his worship would give an order for her admission. Mr. Burcham asked whether she knew what parish her late husband belonged to? Applicant replied that he was born in Canada, and had chiefly served her Majesty in that part of the British dominions. When her husband died he had been twenty-one years in the army. It was very bad for her to be refused admission at the workhouse. Mr. Burcham thought so too, and directed Chadband, one of the warrant officers, to take her at once to Ber-

mondsey Workhouse, with a request from him that they would receive her. The poor woman then left the court, and some time afterwards she returned with the officer, who said that the relieving-officer refused to receive her, or in any way acquiesce in his worship's wishes. Mr. Burcham observed that he regretted to say that Bermondsey parish was the only one in this district that refused to adopt the magistrate's recommendation. As they refused to admit her he could not force them to do it under the circumstances. He was very sorry for it, and regretted that he could not help her. He, however, did not know whether any application to the War-office would be of any assistance to her, but he thought that the officers of Bermondsey ought to have admitted her and examined into her case. The poor woman then left the court sadly dejected.

DESPERATE ROBBERY.—George Wilkin, a middle-aged man, was charged on remand with assaulting Sarah Morgan, and robbing her of a purse containing 3*l*. He was also charged with being concerned with others in stabbing Thomas Rushford, who went to her assistance. Mr. W. Edwin appeared for the accused. The prosecutrix said she lives in the Palace New-road, Lambeth, and on the evening of the 23rd ult. was out with two friends, a young man and a woman. They were passing along Webber-street, New-cut, about eight o'clock, and stopped at the corner of a court while the young man was absent for a few moments. She had at this time in her right hand a purse containing three sovereigns. While standing there she heard a woman call out, "You beast!" Immediately after that the prisoner rushed out of the court, struck her a violent blow on the face, and snatched the purse from her. She seized him, and tried to get it back, but a number of people surrounded them, and the prisoner managed to get away and run into a house. The young man came to her assistance, but he was violently knocked about and stabbed in the eye by one of the prisoner's companions. His cries brought the assistance of a constable, when they all ran away, but seeing the prisoner come out of one of the houses close by she identified him and gave him into custody. Charles Rushford, a journeyman carpenter, said he was with the prosecutrix in Webber-street at the time, and had to step aside for a moment or so. The prisoner and a woman rushed out of a house close by and attacked him. The prosecutrix was also attacked, and robbed of her purse and contents, and when he endeavoured to assist her some one stabbed him in the eye, and nearly blinded him. He was surrounded by forty or fifty persons, and was compelled to seek refuge in the Coburg Arms public-house to save his life. He was covered with mud, and when he arrived at the station-house he found several cuts about his clothing. In cross-examination, the witness said that he could not say who stabbed him, as he was attacked by so many. He was, however, sure that the prisoner was the man who rushed out of the court first. Sergeant Green, 14 L, said he was on duty in the New-cut on the night in question, when he heard screams in Webber-street, and on going there he saw the prosecutrix very much agitated, and the last witness with a cut near the eye. The prisoner then came out of a house close by and asked what was the matter, when the prosecutrix gave him into custody for assaulting her and stealing her purse and 3*l*. The prisoner denied it, and said the male witness had exposed himself near his door, and all he did was to push him away. Mr. Edwin, on behalf of the prisoner, said he is a respectable man, and knows nothing at all about the robbery. Mr. Woolrych observed that it was a case for a jury, therefore he should commit the prisoner for trial. At the same time he accepted bail for his appearance at the sessions.

EXTRAORDINARY FRAUD.

FRANCIS WILLIAM STAVENS, 31, saw maker, was charged at the Old Bailey upon several indictments with unlawfully obtaining several considerable sums of money from Messrs. Leaf and Co., warehousemen, Old Change, by means of forged and altered invoices.

Mr. Montagu Williams was instructed to prosecute, and Mr. Ribton appeared for the prisoner.

The case disclosed a very ingenious system of fraud on the part of the prisoner. He was employed by the prosecutors to make springs for caps, and it was his duty when he took work home to the warehouse to produce an invoice and a receipt for the amount to which he was entitled, and if the clerk to whom the document was presented found that the goods had been ordered and tallied with the amount charged, he put his initials to the document, and the prisoner would then have to take it to the cashier, who would at once pay him the amount. It appeared that the prisoner having obtained the signature of the clerk to the genuine document, which was, generally, only for the sum of a few shillings, altered the quantity of goods and made it much larger, and then inserted figures representing pounds before the shillings, and then obtained the amount from the cashier. In one instance the prisoner appeared to have obtained by this means £17, in another £16, and, in fact, he appeared to have been carrying on a regular system of fraud, and in the course of a period of three months he appeared to have defrauded the prosecutors of nearly £200.

Mr. Ribton, as the case was proceeding, interposed, and said he felt that it would be utterly hopeless to attempt to struggle against a conviction, and the prisoner would, therefore, not give the court any further trouble, but would plead guilty. All he could urge on his behalf was that he appeared to have borne a good character down to the period when these transactions took place.

The prisoner having formally pleaded "Guilty," the Recorder, having observed that he appeared to have been carrying on an extensive and impudent system of fraud, by which he had possessed himself of a very large sum of money, sentenced him to be kept in penal servitude for six years.

IMPRISONMENT OF NOTORIOUS PRIZE-FIGHTERS.—At the Derbyshire Sessions, before Mr. Evans, M.P., and other magistrates, Joseph Goss, Peter Morris, George Holden, Joseph Wareham, and James Mace surrendered to their bail, on a charge of unlawfully disturbing the public peace at Croxall, on the 28th of November, 1866. The prisoners pleaded "Guilty," and, through their solicitor, asked to be allowed to go at large, as they all earned their livelihood in respectable employments, upon entering into their recognizances to come up for judgment when called on. It was proved by the superintendent and inspector of police that they had not been assaulted or insulted by the defendants when told to desist from fighting. The chairman said that though engaged in an illegal act they had not interfered with the police; but it had been proved by a recent case in Sheffield that the course which the defendants requested him to pursue towards them did not put a stop to prize fights. He should, therefore, inflict a substantial punishment for the offence. The sentence was, that they be severally imprisoned, with hard labour, for one month, and at the expiration of that time be each bound over in his own recognizances in the sum of £40 to keep the peace for twelve months.

SERIOUS CHARGE OF INATTENTION AGAINST A MEDICAL MAN.

MR. JOHN HUMPHREYS, the Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry on Monday at the George the Fourth Tavern, Green-street, Bethnal-green, respecting the death of a married woman, named Ann Perry, aged thirty-six years.

James Perry, No. 5, Green-street, Bethnal-green, said that he was a dock labourer. The deceased was his wife. He had to complain that her death was caused through the neglect of a parish doctor.

Matilda Grimms, a sister of the deceased, said that she had obtained an order for the Lying-in Hospital, and the deceased intended to have gone there, but on Wednesday she was suddenly seized with the pains of labour and confined. Witness went immediately to the relieving officer for the district, and he gave her an order for the attendance of the parish doctor, Mr. Massingham. That was at half-past six o'clock in the evening, and she took it to Dr. Massingham at once. She told him what had occurred, and stated that there was no midwife in attendance upon the deceased, and that she had not been seen by a doctor. He said that he could not come to see her until the next morning, and witness then informed him that the woman was in pain. He gave witness a bottle of medicine, and said it was to be taken after the pain was felt. Witness then left. She returned to the doctor at half-past ten o'clock the same night, and she saw him sitting in his room reading a newspaper. She told him her sister was dying. He said that he could not help that, and that he could not come until his usual time of coming round. And he did not come until after the woman had been dead some time.

Amelia Fox said that she went to Dr. Massingham's at half-past eight o'clock on the Thursday morning. She saw Mrs. Massingham, and that lady informed Mr. Massingham that a person wanted to see him. He said, "I can't be seen for half an hour." "Then," said witness, "I had better go home." Mrs. Massingham advised witness to apply a linseed meal and mustard poultice to the deceased. The deceased had given birth to nine children.

Anne Perry, a young girl of about fifteen years of age, said that she was a daughter of the deceased. She went to Dr. Massingham's at half-past ten o'clock on the Thursday morning. He was sitting in his room, reading a newspaper. Witness said, "Mother is dying." He exclaimed, "Fiddle-de-dee; nonsense. If your mother was put to bed yesterday, it can't be said that she will die to-day." Witness began to cry, and he said, "It's no use your crying. It's no use your kicking up that noise here, it won't bring her back again." Witness returned home, and told her grandmother. Her mother died at half-past twelve o'clock that day.

Dr. H. C. Harris, medical officer at the Lying-in Hospital, said that the post-mortem examination showed that she had been a very healthy woman, but the heart was small and feeble, and the lungs were in a state of inflammation. The cause of death was the inflammation of the lungs and effusion into the pericardium combined with the shock to the system from childbirth. Her case demanded very active treatment, and even with medical assistance it might have terminated fatally.

The jury asked whether Dr. Massingham was present to explain his conduct, and

Mr. Burrows, the officer of the court, said that Dr. Massingham, when told that the inquest was to be held, said that he was ill and that he expected to be in bed when the court was sitting.

The coroner having summed up,

The jury, after some deliberation, returned the following special verdict:—"That the deceased expired from the mortal effects of inflammation of the lungs and effusion into the pericardium, with shock to the system from childbirth; and the jurors further say that the conduct of the parish doctor was inhuman in not attending the deceased when the parish order was given to him, there appearing to be nothing to prevent his doing so; and the jurors also consider that he is unfit to be continued as the parish doctor, and should be required to resign such appointment."

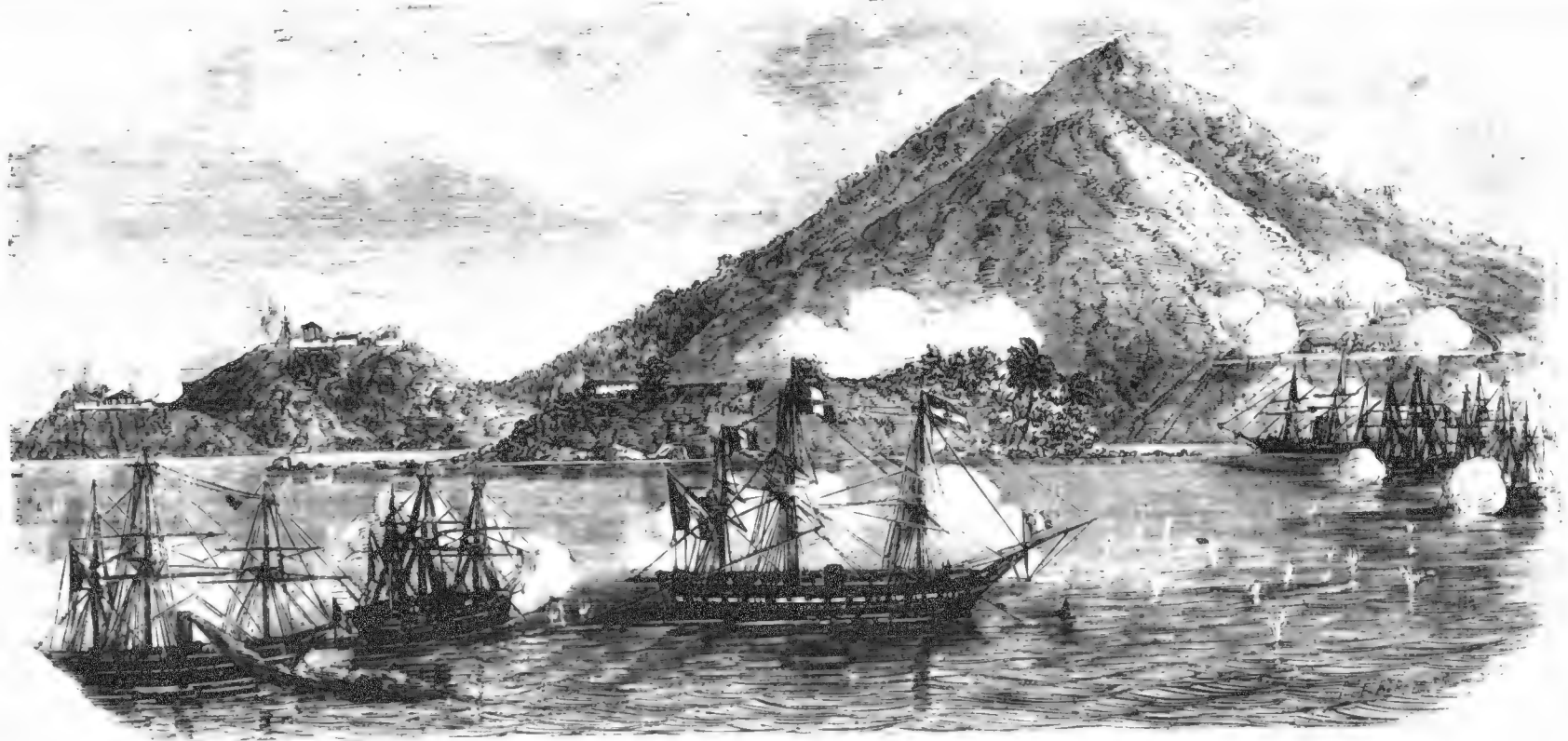
A subscription was then raised for the family of the deceased.

A MILLION DEATHS FROM FAMINE.

UNDER the heading "A Million Deaths from Famine in Eastern India," the *Friend of India* says:—

"Mr. T. Ravenshaw, commissioner of Orissa, has sent to the Bengal Government a report on the famine in that province. Never has so heartrending a picture been drawn. An official, whose bias, if it exists, must lead him to tone down the horrible facts, estimates the loss of life from want of food and its consequences at from 500,000 to 600,000, and in some places at twelve-fourths the whole population. This is among the 4,500,000 of Orissa alone, where the official reports show the deaths to be still going on at the rate of 150 a day. The mortality was not less severe proportionally in the adjoining district of Midnapore, with its population of more than half a million. In Ganjam, with nearly a million of people, the calamity was comparatively light, but famine, disease, and debility swept away thousands. The same is true of Chota Nagpore. We have a reliable record of the deaths of paupers from the famine-stricken districts of Calcutta. Add to all these the mortality in the other districts of Bengal from Saugor Island to Patna and the borders of Nepal, and we have a record of the loss of life, which exceeds in horror and extent that of any one of the great droughts of India during the last century. Before the destroying angel takes its final flight the tale will have mounted up beyond a million known deaths. This is worse than in the great famine which carried off 800,000 people from the North-Western Deah in 1838. We have reason to believe that the most terrible of all recorded afflictions of this kind—that of 1770—was not more ruthless in its murderous work than this which still demands its daily holocaust. For the greater part of that million of deaths has occurred not over a wide extent of territory, nor among millions of people, but within an area not larger than that of England and Wales, and among a people who do not exceed six millions in number. No plague, no black death, no yellow fever, no great physical convulsion like the most tremendous earthquake on record, has engulfed so many victims. The last famine, of which Baird Smith was the alleviator and historian, carried off half a million, or only a twenty-sixth of the thirteen millions affected, and the starvation price of food was never higher than 7½ pence the rupee. This, ere it closes, will have swallowed up a sixth of the people, among whom rice sometimes was not to be had at all, and for many a long month not lower than six pence the rupee."

SINGULAR ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Some persons passing through one of the principal streets of Antwerp on New Year's Eve, saw a little girl, nine years old, throw herself into a canal. Having got her out and questioned her, she said she had done it because her mother had refused to give her a Christmas-box. In the end, on the promise of a piece of gingerbread, she consented to live.



THE FRENCH ATTACK ON KANGHWA.

THE FRENCH ATTACK ON KANGHWA.

THE French have not been so successful in their Eastern expedition as they imagined. Admiral Roze, after attacking Kanghwa, in Corea (as shown in our engraving above), and capturing the town, was ultimately obliged to evacuate the place, the expedition being, according to the *London and China Telegraph*, a total failure.

AN ITALIAN MUSICAL PARTY.

WE have had so much to say of late about festive parties, both at home and abroad, that our sketch of an Italian musical party, given below, really required no description. They are evidently trying

over a glee, prior to singing it at some social gathering, and that the one with the guitar is somewhat out of time or tune seems very probable from the interruption of one of the singers.

MAINED FOR LIFE.—What terrible personal reminiscences of the after horrors of war the Americans must come in contact with! The report of Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States medical department, referred to by the *Sunday Gazette*, tells us that from July, 1862, to July, 1866, nearly 4,000 artificial legs, 2,240 arms, nine feet, and thirty-five hands were supplied to wounded soldiers, and that the army medical department was hard at work in the manufacture of 1,000 more limbs. These returns do not include those of volunteers, or the various State organiza-

tions, each of which makes a separate report; nor, indeed, do they indicate the mutilation in the higher grades of the service, hence they represent an amount of maiming among the masses which is altogether startling. The medical branch of the service suffered severely; twenty-nine army surgeons were killed under fire, ten more died of wounds, twelve are reported as having been "killed by accident" not a consolatory explanation to their comrades—and no less than 271 died from diseases of various kinds incidental to the service.—*Lancet*.

THE *Vienna Gazette* calculates that as the result of the new military system adopted in Austria the army will amount to 1,300,000 men, of whom 800,000 will be on the active list and the residue in the first and second reserves.



AN ITALIAN MUSICAL PARTY.

FEARFUL RIOTS AT AN IRISH ELECTION.

THERE has been bad work at the Waterford election. In the city there was not much excitement till two o'clock, when there was about the Court House a very large crowd, many persons carrying green boughs. Captain Brennan when going to record his vote was attacked and struck in his face. Mr. Elrington, sub-inspector of constabulary, struck the assailant with the flat of his sword, which was broken in the crush at the Court House gate, in Catherine-street. The military were then ordered to close the gate, and while doing so they were pelted with stones. Captain Cliffe received a severe blow in the eye, which compelled him to go off duty. There was a large number of Roman Catholic clergy in the court during the day, one of whom is said to have hit Mr. Ryan on the head with a stick, after he had voted for Captain Talbot, the Conservative. But these were small matters compared with the violence reported from Dungarvan and the neighbourhood. The *Daily Express* gives the following particulars:—

"Anticipating mob violence, the agents of Captain Talbot resolved that the voters should be assembled in large bodies, and sent under a sufficient military escort to the town of Dungarvan on the day preceding the polling, thus thinking to avoid the threatened collision. At about six o'clock in the morning a string of cars, about ninety in number, left Clonmel. They were accompanied by a troop of the 6th Carbineers, under Captain Beattie and Lieutenant McClean, and a body of fifty of the county Limerick police, under Mr. Channer, S.I., the whole force being under the control of E. B. Warburton, resident magistrate. Captain Bell and Messrs. Honner, Prendergast, and Dowsley, solicitors, were in charge of the arrangements. At Ballymacarby and along the road the voters upon Lord Stradbroke's property, about eighty in number, were to a man found congregated in groups awaiting the arrival of Captain Talbot's cars to convey them to the poll. At Ballymacarby Mr. Channer, with a large force of constabulary, went around to bring on to Beary's-cross, where the entire cavalcade was to halt, the voters, 101 in number, on the Chearnley estate. One of the trustees of the property, Captain Leopold Keane, brother of Sir John Keane, with his great batch of Captain Talbot's supporters, had been beleaguered during the day at Lackindarra, and prevented from going to Dungarvan. For some miles they proceeded in high spirits towards their destination, but having, according to arrangement, drawn up at a certain point of the road (Berry's-cross) to await the arrival of electors from the Chearnley property, they were attacked by a fierce mob—strangers, it is thought, by some, and evidently well organized. The Dragoons and police were here reinforced by the arrival of a troop of Lancers from Dungarvan. But the mob cared little for this imposing array of armed strength; they seemed to think, and the issue showed that they were right in thinking, that the authorities present would prove lenient and forbearing to a marvellous degree. Immediately on its arrival the ring-leaders of the mob shouted, yelled, and swore, and ordered back the cars, carriages, troops, and police. Their orders being received with silence, they retired to the fields, and from within the road fences commenced a murderous attack with stones upon the whole cavalcade—military police, and civilians, all bearing the brunt of the attack without retaliation. The Rev. Chas. Fry and Mr. Prendergast were pursued and pelted with stones till they were obliged to beg their lives at the hands of their assailants. Capt. Warburton read the Riot Act, and ordered the constabulary to prime and load. The Lancers charged down the road, and the mob, which numbered about 400 or 500 persons, separated into two bodies, the greater portion ascending the heights over the road on either side, and about 100 of the more desperate remaining behind the ditches, still pouring upon the unprotected voters volley after volley of every description of missile. Mr. Warburton was severely struck in the side as he was leaning forward on his horse to escape the stones flying about him in all directions. The Lancers used their lances, and the stones flung at them might have been seen striking the unfortunate men and their horses. One of the Carbineers had his sword broken, another was cut in the head and his brass helmet completely flattened; a stone struck another on the peak of the helmet, which was bent down, fortunately protecting the eye; the lower part of his cheek, however, was cut, and his face was soon covered with blood. Several of the Lancers and of the constabulary were wounded, and some voters were severely hurt. This work continued for twenty minutes, the electors huddling themselves under the fence on the other side of the road; but the mob having now, by a sudden disposition of their forces, taken possession of both sides of the road, the stones flew in showers, carriages were knocked in, cars broken, horses thrown into the dike and other-

wise maltreated, and officers and men, as well as civilians, wounded. The assailed party then resolved to retreat and to return homewards. Upon this a sad state of confusion ensued. Carriages, horses, voters, and military, &c., were so close in roar, and the road was so very narrow, that the difficulty was to turn about. One would have expected that as soon as the drivers began to wheel round the attack would cease; but, no, the mob became more excited, and the stone-throwing became more furious. It is impossible to describe the fearful state of things at this moment—every man trying to save himself, vehicles locked in each other, horses falling and floundering on the road, and individuals hunted like wild beasts. Several of the Dragoons and Lancers received injuries, and one poor fellow had his head dreadfully cut. He was lifted into Mr. Beary's house, and Mrs. Beary attended to him in a most kind manner, and bandaged up his wounds. He was, as soon as possible, sent under escort to the military hospital at Clonmel. On the entrance to one of Mr. De

Anthony, who was called to see him, ordered him to be conveyed to the workhouse hospital. Captain Kiely, harbour master, who lived in that neighbourhood, was standing at his gate when one of the Lancers wounded him in the breast, piercing the right lung to the depth of three inches. Drs. Flynn, Hunt, and Anthony were called in, and, having viewed the wound, thought very badly of the case, which was one upon which it was difficult to give a decided opinion, as mortification might at any moment set in. A man had a portion of the scalp completely taken off with a lance. About twelve or fourteen persons in all were wounded, the wounds being in the breast, face, and head. Kiely was an active supporter of Captain Talbot. The wound is two inches long, piercing the lung, but not reaching the heart. Some of the mob pursued by the Lancers ran inside his gate, and he was trying to keep them out when he was mistaken for one of the assailants of the Lancers. Great sympathy is felt for him, as he is much respected and has a numerous family of young children.

The man who was trampled on by the Lancers' horses is a labourer named Byrne. He got bad contused wounds on the head, of which he died about three o'clock yesterday. Several women were also injured. One was run over and another was stabbed in the breast; and it is said, but it is to be hoped not truly, that a third having fallen, a Lancer made two or three lunges at her. The military are exasperated by being pelted with stones, and women are sometimes not the least active in such outrages. It is not in human nature that the Lancers should have been quite passive under such provocation. On Sunday morning Dr. Hally, P.P., exhorted his congregation to forgive and forget any injuries they have received, and get rid of all animosities arising out of the election. On the whole it was admitted that the dragoons and police performed their duties good-humouredly and with much forbearance."

At Waterford, on Monday, the sheriff declared the gross poll:—

De la Poer	1,481
Talbot	984

Majority 497

Mr. De la Poer, the Liberal, was declared duly elected for the county of Waterford.



THE RIOTERS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE MILITARY.

la Poer's tally-rooms was suspended a large board, surmounted by a gilt cross, having on one side the following words:—"Electors of the county of Waterford, vote for De la Poer in '66 as you did for Lord Stuart in '26. Gurteen for ever, and down with the Mail Man!" and on the reverse, "Vote for your country and your religion."

The *Cork Examiner* contains additional information about the rioting at Waterford:—

"Nothing serious occurred between the authorities and the people up to about one o'clock, when a party of the 12th Lancers and the 67th Regiment of Foot were attacked with stones by the mob as they were escorting Major Palliser's tenantry along the quay to the poll. A number of the Lancers immediately turned round and made a sortie down the quay, driving the people before them at the point of lance, wounding several. One man was thrown down and trampled on by the horses of the Lancers. Dr.

had occupied for generations. This was the object for which they emigrated, and the untiring perseverance and energy which they evinced have met with their reward. They were known amongst their fellow-miners as "Frank" and "Jack," but their surnames were kept secret, and are now unknown to all but one friend who accidentally discovered them, and to whom their positions and family affairs were known. The most singular part of the story is that "Frank," as one of the miners was called, was a woman, and the sister of the man she assisted. She has taken her digger's clothes and a pick and shovel home with her as mementoes of her sojourn in Australia.—*Ballarat Advertiser*.

THE *Bengal Hurkaru*, which is well known as the oldest newspaper in Calcutta, has ceased to exist, owing to "the exceeding difficulty, trouble and annoyance," experienced in inducing scores of subscribers to pay during the past twenty-five months. The *Hurkaru* first appeared on the 19th of February, 1795.

ROMANTIC AFFAIR.—A beautiful, well-educated, and energetic young lady, the daughter of a landed proprietor in Ireland, eloped with the son of a poor farmer, taking passage on the ship *American Congress*, which arrived last week from New York. Her brother followed in the *Java*, and from Halifax telegraphed to the New York police superintendent to have the lady detained should the ship arrive before he did. The detectives found the girl when the ship anchored in the bay, and she was taken to head-quarters, where she stated that she should marry none but the man who was the companion of her flight; that, although engaged to a gentleman now in China, with an income of £30,000 a year, she chose the man of humbler rank, whom she learned to love when her passions were pure and her love that of innocence; and him she would have. She had sold her horse and borrowed £20 of her brother to pay the expenses of her journey. There seemed to be but one way, and a clergyman was accordingly summoned, and the marriage ceremony performed, the brother arriving just in time to be one of the party at a wedding which he had travelled so far to thwart, but to which he became reconciled upon learning all the circumstances of the romantic affair.

A FEMALE DIGGER.—A short time ago two miners left one of the gold fields, not a hundred miles from Ballarat, for Melbourne, whence they intended shipping for Ireland, and settling down on a small farm, which has been in possession of their family for a very long period. These two arrived on the gold fields eight or ten years ago, and by constant industry, frugal habits, together with rather more of good luck than usually falls to the lot of diggers now-a-days, they managed to amass a small independence, or sufficient to purchase the farm which their family

Literature.

OVER THE CLIFF.

THE Revolution was over, and America was free. Free? Yes, she was free from her foreign foes, but the Indians were doing all they could to harass the patriots. The Mohawks were the principal enemies of the Americans, and at the close of the Revolution they commenced the work of death by burning the settlers' houses, and murdering the inmates.

At the time of which I write, there was a small settlement on the banks of the Oswego River, in New York. It was composed of about thirty houses, and went by the name of Clintonville. The male population had but a month previous returned from the war, and on their return home found that their services would soon be needed there, for one Ralph Burton, a former resident of the village, had been accused of a crime, and to escape death had turned outlaw and joined the Indians. He had an organized band of thieves and Indians, and had his headquarters somewhere among the high banks of the river; and many were the bloody deeds done by him and his band of cut-throats.

The peaceful people of Clintonville never felt secure in their beds, expecting every moment to see a house on fire, and hear the wild shouts of Burton and his gang. When the men came back, a company was formed to capture Burton, and Mr. Smith, the wealthiest man in the village, offered a large sum of money for him, "dead or alive." But the efforts of the patriots were unavailing to discover the retreat of the outlaws.

The setting sun was gliding the hill-tops with its declining beams, and shedding its last rays of light on the village. There was a group of the villagers standing in front of the house known as a hotel, discussing the topic of the day—namely, Burton and his outlaws. They were all dressed in the common garb of back-woodsmen; their rifles were leaning against the tavern, for they had but a few minutes before returned from an unsuccessful hunt after the outlaw's cave.

There was one among the settlers who was looked upon as their leader; he was a fine-looking man, about forty years old, and had seen much service among the Indians. He was dressed in a buckskin suit, and a coonskin cap, with the tail hanging down behind, was on his head. He was armed with two pistols and a knife, and his rifle stood against the tavern; all is complete now but his name, which was Ned Spencer.

The young men were talking very earnestly, and we will listen to what they are saying.

"I tell you," said one, "I am afraid that Ralph Burton and his gang will outwit us yet."

"I don't think so," responded Harry Blake; "for we shall never have peace until we catch him and give him justice; and I, for one, will not give up the conflict until he is caught."

"You are right, Harry," cried several voices from the group, that showed plainly that they were decided as to their course of action.

"What do you say about it, Ned?" said one of the men, turning to the hunter, who had not said a word, but stood listening to the conversation.

"Well," said he, "it is my opinion that, by good maneuvering, Burton could be caught or killed; and I think if we would not go out in so large a force, but only two or three go, that we could outwit him. Let our main force stay to guard the village, and Eagle Plume and I will take the trail. What do you say to that arrangement?"

"It suits me very well," said Harry Blake.

"And I, and I," responded the rest of the settlers.

"Then it is settled. I will go to meet Eagle Plume, the Onondaga. Good-bye, friends. I hope to report success soon," returned Ned; and taking his rifle he walked away in the direction of the woods.

He soon reached the woods, and seated himself at the foot of a giant oak to await the coming of the chief. The person for whom he was waiting was, as we have said before, Eagle Plume—a chief of the Onondaga. During the Revolution he had been faithful to the Americans, and was, at that time, on the scout after Ralph Burton. He and Ned had hunted together, and they had promised to meet at the oak that evening.

Ned sat for an hour, waiting anxiously for the well-known foot-fall of Eagle Plume; but it came not. Ned was getting uneasy, and he commenced to reason.

"Well," he muttered, "this is strange, for he never was beyond his time. It is impossible that they have outwitted him, for Eagle Plume was never caught napping. But they—Somebody's coming now!" And he instantly sprang behind the oak.

The footsteps came nearer, and Ned peered from behind his shelter, and saw Eagle Plume coming towards the oak. As he neared it, Ned sprang forth, and grasped his Indian friend by the hand, saying, "So you have come at last, chief? What made you so late?"

"Yes, me glad to see white hunter, and me have good news for him," returned the chief, in very good English.

"Well, what is it, chief? Out with it, for I want to know what it is," replied Ned, impatiently.

"Me tell all; the cave of the bad man is known to Eagle Plume. It is under the Devil's Rock; they go to it by a rocky path. Eagle Plume can lead the white hunter to it. Me see the bad man on the edge of the Devil's Rock."

"Good!" cried Ned. "Give me your hand, chief. I knew that you would not fail;" and the two heartily clasped hands.

"Now lead me to their cave, Eagle Plume," said Ned.

"No; me must have rest; wait till morning," replied the chief.

Ned saw that he wanted rest, and they returned to the village, where they spent the night.

Ere the sun arose, the two friends were on their way to the outlaw's cave, hoping to get a shot at Burton. After hard travelling they reached the vicinity of the Devil's Rock. There was a high ledge that leaned far out over the bank, and a fall from it would be certain death.

Anxiously the two hunters looked, and, to their utmost astonishment, they saw the outlaw chief seated on a large stone upon the rock; his back was turned towards them, but they knew him by the plumed cap that he wore. Ned drew up his rifle, and in a few moments more Burton would have been in eternity; but Eagle Plume placed his hand on the gun tube, and looking in Ned's eyes, said, "Don't shoot, white hunter! Leave him to Eagle Plume—for he murdered Eagle Plume's brother, the White Wolf. I want revenge!"

"All right, chief," replied Ned. "If you want revenge, take it; but make your work sure."

"Me will." And Eagle Plume laid down his rifle, loosened his tomahawk and scalping knife, and commenced to crawl up towards Burton, who still sat upon the rock, unconscious of the presence

of an enemy. Closer and closer came Eagle Plume—like a snake he went. When he was within a few feet of Burton he arose, gave a yell, and sprang forward; but his foot slipped, and Burton turned and grappled with the chief. He soon regained his footing, and there they stood—each one trying to get his knife, but was prevented by the other. Nearer to the precipice they went. Finally Burton loosened one hand to get his knife, and Eagle Plume, seeing his advantage, seized him by the throat. Tighter and tighter he gripped. Burton's hand loosened, his eyes became glassy, and his face grew black. Eagle Plume now drew his knife and drove it into Ralph's heart, and then laid his lifeless body down. He soon scalped him, and put the scalp in his belt; he then raised the body, and held it an instant over the cliff.

"Thus perish all my enemies!" he cried, as he raised the body above his head and hurled it over the awful precipice.

Crash! crash! it went until it reached the bottom, a mangled and shapeless mass.

The chief hastened back to the place where he had left Ned, who had witnessed the fight. They returned to the village, and great was their rejoicing when Eagle Plume showed them his enemy's scalp.

A few days later the remainder of the outlaws were smoked out of their den, and not one of them escaped to boast that he belonged to Burton's gang. Ever after that, the people of Clintonville have had nothing to fear from outlaws or Indians, for the fate of Burton and his men caused them to fear the vengeance of the settlers.

Eagle Plume lived many years afterwards, a friend to the whites; and when he left them for the happy hunting grounds, they buried his body beneath the oak where he had often met Ned Spencer. And if the reader would visit Clintonville, now a large town, he would be shown the oak, and two simple mounds beneath its friendly branches, where repose the bones of two who had been friends in life, and now rest side by side in "the sleep that knows no waking." Reader, they are the graves of Ned Spencer and his Indian friend, Eagle Plume.

W. H.

THE MACLAINES AND THE MACLEODS.

A DEADLY feud, descending from father to son, had long prevailed between the MacLaines, of one of the Hebridean Islands, and the Macleods, who possessed a neighbouring island in the same group. Of the two clans the MacLaines were the more numerous; but the island home of the Macleods, though less in extent than the habitation of the other, was of remarkable fertility, and beautifully variegated with hill and lake, so that no wonder its every dark rock, its every hill-side, purpled with the heather blooms, its every deep sea-inlet, were unspeakably dear to its aged chief and its followers. Nor was it long till their love of home was put to the test.

The Scottish king, James V, died prematurely. His successor was a child and a girl; a firm hand was no longer at the helm: the troubled regency was the very time most favourable for any would-be usurper who was fierce and unscrupulous. Within a year of the king's death, MacLaine, with four hundred claymores behind him, disembarked at daybreak, one May morning, on the beach of the coveted island; and before night fell he was in possession of the castle of his foe. Yet not without a bloody struggle, in which sixty of the invaders and forty of the invaded were left dead on the shore.

But the attacking party numbered four to one; the Macleods had to give way before them. Devorgill Castle was in their hands; the survivors retreated to a cave, difficult of access, with a very narrow entrance, but of considerable width within, on the western end of the island.

In this gloomy recess the aged Macleod called his people around him.

"You have done your best," he said, turning to those few braves of the tribe who still survived. "Your foes themselves, full of hate though they are, must confess your manhood, as their dead prove to them. But what more can we do? My only son lies dead on the beach. We have not more than twenty fighting men left. Our duty now is to take care that our name shall not perish. Get the boat ready, and before the day breaks start for the mainland. My cousin will welcome and shield you till the year shall come when you shall have your own again, and your father's graves. The boy," he added, and he lifted the boy of seven years in his arms—"my little grandson here will lead you back yet to our own green isle. But as for me, at eighty years, my arm can give no longer edge to my sword, but my heart seems younger than ever. With the warmth with which the child clings to its mother's breast, I feel myself clinging to these dear hills. I will leave them—never! If the enemy find me in this cave, he can but give me the happiness of mingling my languid blood with the soil that is so dear to me."

On hearing these words, the bard of the clan, old as the chief, old and blind, too, made reply, "Your counsel is wise. Young men, hasten your departure. Keep up your hearts. The cloud is rolled back from before my eyes. Sight is mine once more. I see a swift boat reaching the shore below our castle; a young hero leaps from the boat; he is bleeding, but he is victorious. I hear him exclaim, 'The home of my fathers is mine once more.' In that happy voice I recognise the tones of Ivan, our lord's grandson here. Believe in the future, and secure it by a quick departure. But as for me, I remain with my lord, and will die with him."

The result of this advice was that some seventy of the younger left in a few hours; the rest, the old men and old women, remained in the cave with their chief. Before long the MacLaines found out their place of retreat, and demanded their surrender, with oaths and taunts.

"Come you in to us," was the answer; "we will welcome you as we have welcomed so many of your felon gang."

But the entrance was narrow. In the attempt to get in several more of the besiegers lost their lives. Therefore they lit a great fire at the mouth of the cave; the wind drove in the smoke, and every one within was smothered. This well-known incident is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott.

The years rolled by. Ivan reached his twenty-first birthday; he was noted for his dauntless spirit, and for his fleetness of foot. In April of that year the Regent Murray began his rule—"the good regent" who knew how to tame the fiercest. Ivan appeared before him, and claimed his heritage.

The MacLaine, now a man of fifty, and who was present at the Court, grew pale with alarm and hatred when he saw before him the representative of those he had murdered. The regent knew that a weak clan, like the Macleods, could not permanently hold their island unless it was bulwarked by the sympathy of all the stronger clans around it. He therefore resolved to put the youthful claimant to his mettle.

"This is my award," he said. "Thou, MacLaine, mount your best horse; Macleod, you shall be on foot. This day fortnight,

at noon, you both shall start from the market-cross of Stirling, here. Whichever of you touches the island first, to him it shall be given. When the clock strikes twelve the race shall begin."

At the appointed moment the two appeared on the spot; MacLaine on a horse of great mettle—but he was not allowed a change of horses—and young Macleod on foot, in that Highland garb, the kilt, the most picturesque attire known to man, which leaves the lower limbs untrammelled, and which is the fittest of all for a huntsman, a mountaineer, or a soldier. With a cheer from the assembled hundreds, a cheer meant to encourage the younger and right-ful aspirant, the two set off.

You may think, at first thought, that the chances were all in the usurper's favour; but if you reflect more patiently, you will scarcely deem it so. The older of the two had to keep by the winding roads and by the bridges; the younger, with limbs as tough as hickory, and a heart warm with hope, and love of home, and zeal to vindicate the right, struck straight across the country, by paths known familiarly to him, with his foot upon the firm mountain sod, and his limbs refreshed by the limpid streams he forded, and with the invigorating mountain breeze fanning his brow; yet many a risk he ran among the half-savage Gaelic tribes whose territories he crossed.

Once he was pursued by a troop of horsemen, friends of his rival, and was saved from them only by the river, which he waded, rising suddenly after he had gone through it, the sudden rise being caused by a heavy burst of thunder-rains in the upland district from which it rose.

Yet he made his way in forty-eight hours to the shore opposite his island—a distance of a hundred and forty-nine miles—having eaten nothing all the time save a little oatmeal mixed with cold water, and about a dozen onions that he had carried with him; thus completing the journey precisely in the time taken of old by the Athenian courier, Phidippides, sent to summon the Spartans to aid the immortal Athenians at the world-rescuing battle of Marathon, in the famous year 480 B.C. Phidippides, too, made out his one hundred and fifty miles in forty-eight hours. And similarly, Mr. Kinnear tells us, the Cassids, the modern Persian foot-runners, can travel sixty or seventy miles daily for several successive days.

Yet, let justice be done to the worthy steed that carried MacLaine; for just as Ivan reached the brow of the hill that looked down on the little bay from which he had to take a boat to the island, and when he gazed downward with an eye, oh, how anxious, to see if any traces of his enemy could be discerned, there were the horse and his rider wending their way down the slope, not above twenty yards before him. The runner on foot, however, was the fresher of the two. Ivan speedily overtook the rider, and would have passed him, but his opponent spurred on his jaded steed to a last effort; so that the two men reached the two boats that had been prepared for them exactly at the same moment.

But the horse had no sooner reached the shore than it staggered, fell, and died. The two each flung himself into his boat. MacLaine's was rowed by six of his people, Ivan's by six of his. A distance of twelve miles divided the island from the mainland of Kintyre. Never did men lie to their oars with greater might. Through foam and wave they went, each competitor cheering on his men.

Now the one boat was foremost, now the other. The boats were of similar make and fleetness; the rowers, accustomed all their lives to the oar, were of equal skill and strength. They drew near to the shore abreast. The winds and the waves kept impartial, favouring alike the just and the unjust. On this occasion, as is usual with that God whose main object is to call forth and to reward human virtue, it was left to man's free will, guided by lofty impulse, to win the day and to mould the future.

Ivan, seeing that the boats would touch the shore at the same moment, seized an axe, laid his left hand on one of the benches, struck it off at the wrist, and then, lifting the gory hand with his right, flung it on to the shore. The judges appointed by the regent instantly exclaimed, "You have touched the shore first, the island is yours!"

His noble wound was healed; he enjoyed his lordship for many a year. The island belongs to his descendants to this hour.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—The heavy fall of snow and severe frost last week threatened to put a stop to all out-door gardening for a time, but the sudden thaw has made the ground workable again; therefore, as soon as possible, finish up all arrears of winter work in order to be prepared for the spring. Let all beds intended for bedding-out plants be deeply dug, and manured with leaf mould in preference to dung. Turn over the soil intended for carnations and picotees; give the young plants plenty of air, and keep them clean and moderately dry. Protect hyacinths in severe weather by turning a pot over them. Prepare the soil, and keep dry, for the potting of pansies early in February, and protect seedlings by pressing the earth firmly round their roots. Plant roses in mild weather. See that the stems of polyanthus are not exposed. Place sandy peat or light soil over the rising cones of tulips, as a protection to severe weather.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Protect peas and beans that have made their appearance above ground by dressing the soil gently over them, or stick small bunches of fir or evergreens on each side of the rows. Prepare fruiting beds for cucumbers. Sow cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce, &c., in boxes. Cabbage forward enough may be taken up and planted close together in a corner, keeping the ground well stirred between the growing crops. The more light and loose the surface of the ground the less will the frost penetrate. Prepare and protect asparagus beds. Thin out carrots and radishes in the hot-bed. Plant early sorts of potatoes if they show any appearance of sprouting.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue pruning and nailing wall-trees. Destroy moss by a mixture of quicklime, soot, and sulphur, about the consistency of paint. This, laid on with a small brush, or, after syringing or wet, if the trees are dusted with quicklime in a state of powder, will prove an effectual remedy.

"THE QUEEN'S CHAPLAINS."—Dr. Goulburn, by his promotion to the Deanery of Norwich, ceased (under recent regulations made by her Majesty through the Lord Chamberlain) to be one of the thirty-six "Chaplains in Ordinary to her Majesty." The Rev. William Henry Brookfield, M.A., Rector of Somerby, Lincolnshire, and reader at the Rolls Chapel, one of the twelve "Honorary Chaplains in Ordinary" since 1862, now succeeds to the chaplaincy lately held by Dr. Goulburn. The Rev. Stopford Augustus Brooke, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, late embassy chaplain at Berlin, and now minister of St. James's Proprietary Chapel, York-street, St. James's-square, has been appointed to the vacant honorary chaplaincy. Mr. Brooke is the author of "The Life of Robertson," in two volumes.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE history of the wonderful will never cease. Some two months ago, our readers will remember that we published a circumstantial account, mainly compiled from the Australian papers just then received, of the almost incredible adventures attributed to the long-lost heir of the Tichborne family—a family whose estates in Hampshire have been handed down from generation to generation from a period 200 years antecedent to the Norman Conquest.

Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, the "hero" in this romantic tale, had been educated on the Continent. In the French capital his mind, influenced by association and long absence from home, had become imbued with ideas of unrestrained freedom of action. Repudiating the wholesome curb which paternal care would have applied to protect him from the foibles of youth, Sir Roger suddenly left his father's mansion near Alresford, now thirteen years ago, expressing a fixed determination never to return—or, at least, during the lifetime of the late Sir Francis Doughty Tichborne, his father.

A short time afterwards news was brought to England that the *Pella*, the ship in which Sir Roger had sailed for America, was wrecked, and all on board had perished. A passing vessel had seen the wreck keel uppermost. From that time till recently no intelligence has been received, and the account before referred to as published in our columns supplies the first link in "this strange, eventful history."

Since this period, however, exciting accounts have been constantly pouring into this country. Every mail has contributed to swell the mystery. The receipt of a portrait from Australia by the mother of Sir Roger fanned curiosity to the utmost. Yet neither that lady nor any of her friends were able to trace the faintest resemblance in the photograph with the features of the missing gentleman.

But corroborative evidence was not wanting. Immediately afterwards a letter, dated from Sydney last August, was received from a black man named Andrew Bogle, an old servant of the family, one who enjoys a pension of 50*l* a year settled on him by his master, the late Sir Edward Doughty, uncle to Sir Roger. Now, Lady Doughty has always entertained the belief that Sir Roger was still alive, although no letter had been received from him for thirteen years. Bogle's communication was to the following effect—that he had, in Australia, met with the nephew of his old master; that he had married, and was about to come to England with his wife and child; that he (Bogle) should come over with them, and that Sir Roger, immediately upon his arrival in England, would proceed to Paris to meet his mother.

Such a communication as this, added to the steady belief of the mother, could not fail to give rise to the most profound emotions. Lady Doughty was actually in Paris at the time, and remains there still. Influenced, no doubt, by her strong maternal feelings and the apparent truth of the whole history, she forwarded 400*l* to Australia to provide them with the means of procuring a passage to England.

The foregoing outline is necessary to lay the matter comprehensively before the public. Wild rumours have appeared in the columns of some of the daily journals. It is stated positively that Sir Roger Tichborne has arrived, but our readers must judge for themselves upon the question at issue. We shall now carefully narrate the grounds, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, which have led to this conclusion.

A gentleman arrived on the 28th of December last at the Swan Hotel, Alresford, which is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the estates. He appeared anxious to avoid all intercourse with the other guests of the establishment, hired private apartments, and received letters addressed to "Mr. Taylor." On Monday week a black man arrived at the same house, having come by the last train from London. The appearance of a man of colour is sufficient at any time to cause considerable curiosity to be felt in this little town; but it may easily be conjectured how much that curiosity was increased when the black visitor was immediately recognised as the old pensioner of the family—Andrew Bogle. Whatever doubt surrounds this mysterious affair, this much may be relied on—the old black servant is once more in England. The news spread like wild-fire, not only in Alresford, but throughout Hampshire; and when it was also added that the tall recluse was Sir Roger Tichborne, friends from all parts flocked to the place, either to satisfy curiosity, or to tender their congratulations to the returned heir; but he avoided their presence. The hostelry was literally besieged. Andrew Bogle was communicative, and in reply to the numberless queries addressed to him by inquisitive guests he stated that he had met with Sir Roger in Sydney; had accompanied him, with his wife and child and "secretary," to Panama, where they remained a month; thence to New York, where they spent another month; finally arriving at the Victoria Docks on the morning of Christmas-day. He asserted that Sir Roger Tichborne was then at Ford's Hotel, Manchester-square, London, declining to acknowledge any acquaintance with the gentleman who had previously arrived at the hotel in Alresford. In the meantime, however, the agent who manages the estate in the interests of Lady Alfred Tichborne and her son (the present occupants) of the estate managed to obtain an interview with the newly-arrived visitor. The result of this meeting must have been anything but agreeable to the news-seeking gentleman. Not only did the visitor declare himself to be Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, but, alluding to a sale which took place at Tichborne in 1862, and which included some fixtures belonging to the mansion, hinted that the person (the auditor) who directed that sale might possibly be held legally responsible for the act. Bogle left Alresford by rail on Tuesday night week, and the mysterious gentleman also whom he had declined to acknowledge as his master's nephew.

Such are the facts of this mysterious case. Few persons who knew Sir Roger before his departure have had an opportunity of seeing him, or his "representative" since his return, and those who have, as might be expected, differ in their statements respecting him. Some allege he is the veritable "Simon Pure;" others cannot believe that he is. Of course, in a case like this, there are varied interests to warp the judgment; but it is hard to conceive how a young gentleman, slim in growth, of a delicate constitution, and scarcely able to speak English, should leave this country when it may be presumed he had attained full growth, and was then about five feet four or five inches in height, and should return to it a stout young fellow of five feet eight or nine inches. Change of climate and long residence abroad may account for much, but scarcely for this growth of stature. It will be difficult to form a satisfactory decision in this extraordinary inquiry. All that appears certain is this, that there is in this country a pretender to the estates of Tichborne whose claim is supported by an old servant of the family, one who ought to be, and it is believed that he is, attached to that family by gratitude kindled by the presentation of numerous and substantial favours. It may

require the assistance of the heads of the legal profession to unravel the web, but there can be no question that justice will eventually be done; and if the new comer be no impostor, there are hundreds who can recognise him, and are ready to welcome him to his long-deserted home.

AN AZTEC WEDDING.

THE London public will perhaps remember two extraordinary children who, some fourteen years since, were exhibited, and who were then described as being specimens of an ancient Indian race that still survived amongst the ruined cities of Central America. The story then told was that one of those cities, "Ixamaya," still remained intact, but was so jealously guarded by its inhabitants that it was almost impossible for any stranger to approach it. A Spaniard named Velasquez, however, ventured within the lines, and at great risk of life and limb bore off two children, to whom he gave Spanish Christian names and surnames. He brought his prize to New York, when he handed them over to Mr. Morris, who has been their proprietor and guardian ever since. These children excited a great deal of curiosity and much discussion amongst the learned in ethnology, but no one ventured to give a decided opinion as to whether, as was asserted by them, they might be accepted as specimens of an ancient but newly-discovered race, or whether they were merely abortive births, such as occasionally happen in every country. Since then Mr. Morris has himself travelled with his interesting little charges through most of the great cities of Europe and America, and shows approving testimonials from persons of the highest distinction in more than one Continental city. In St. Petersburg especially the Aztecs attracted extraordinary notice, and received written testimony to that effect from members of the imperial family. Everywhere the same discussions were raised amongst the savans as to their origin and race, and everywhere with the same inconclusive results. What they are, whether accidental births, or the last remnants of some ancient and sacred race which had for ages been preserved by the priests of Central America to serve as a sort of living idols for their worship, still remains a mystery—a circumstance which of course will only serve to heighten the curiosity of the British public should Mr. Morris determine upon exhibiting them in London. So far as we could learn, he has brought them over for the purpose of having them joined in wedlock, they now being both of marriageable age, and accordingly the legal ceremony was performed on Monday morning, by the registrar, in the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover-square. In order to give all proper *edut* to the wedding, the preparation of the bride's *trousseau* was entrusted to the house of Howell and James, in Regent-street. The dress was of the richest white satin, trimmed with the costliest lace, and the jewels of the purest water. The little lady seemed to be absolutely enchanted with her sparkling necklace, her solitary ear-rings, and her bracelets of emeralds and brilliants. We are informed that this *trousseau* cost close upon £2,000, and considering its completeness, we should be reluctant to pronounce it dear at the money. The bridegroom wore plain evening dress, but was most demonstrative in his examination and exhibition of a splendid gold watch with which he had presented for the interesting occasion. During the ceremony he deported himself most judiciously—for a bridegroom, examined the certificate which the registrar handed to him at its conclusion most carefully, and then, with much impressiveness, presented the bride with her "marriage lines." They are both much grown since their last visit to this country, but still far below, either in stature or bulk, anything else that we have ever seen in the shape of either savage or civilized humanity. Their heads are not bigger than would be that of an English child of a month old, and their figures are in proportion. The female is well formed and has a not unpleasant countenance, but the man is a most extraordinary looking individual. The type of countenance in both is decidedly antique, but whether Assyrian, Egyptian, or Central American we must leave to Professor Owen and the Anthropological Society to decide. There never was anything like them exhibited in London except themselves on the occasion of their visit, and whatever attraction they then offered for the curious must be increased tenfold now when they present themselves under such altered circumstances, and in full and complete maturity. After the marriage ceremony the bride, bridegroom, and a party of their friends adjourned to Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, for the wedding breakfast, when some appropriate speeches were made, and all sorts of good wishes were expressed for the interesting couple.

"LOVE TO HATRED TURNED."—A singular scene occurred two evenings back, during the performance at the theatre of Nantes. An unmarried young lady, Mlle. G., seated in the dress circle was observed to be in a state of great excitement, and during the interval between the first and second act of "Roland à Roncevaux," was seized with a nervous attack, and had to be removed to the saloon, where she recovered, and then resumed her place. Her agitation, however, again came on, and as soon as the curtain had dropped for the second time she got up, and walking straight to a gentleman who was seated with his newly-married wife in the same gallery, gave him a violent slap in the face. The wife maintained a perfect composure during this scene, and after waiting until the excitement had somewhat calmed down, left the house, the police having in the meantime removed the assailant of her husband. The cause of this scandal may be partially conjectured. The gentleman had been for a period of five years on terms of intimacy with Mlle. G., and had only abandoned her on the occasion of his marriage. The latter is said to be of very good family, and the daughter of a captain in the neighbourhood.—*Galignani*.

OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA AT PORT GLASGOW.—We regret to state that Asiatic cholera of a very virulent type has broken out in Port Glasgow during the past few days, the number of deaths reported being considerable. In the case of one household, every member has been carried off, with one exception. The family of John Gillon, who resided at Ropework-lane, consisted last week of his wife, father, and four children. On Friday night last one of the children died after a few hours' illness. Mrs. Gillon took ill immediately after the death of her child, and succumbed to the disease in a few hours. Gillon himself and two of the remaining children followed; and, last of all, Patrick Gillon, father to John Gillon, expired on Tuesday this week, all the deaths having resulted from cholera. Among the other cases were the following:—A young man, named James Laird, died, after eight hours' illness, on Monday. Laird was a member of the volunteer corps. The funeral undertaker for the parochial authorities, named James Adams, after laying out some of the family of the Gillons, was seized about two a.m., and died before nine o'clock the same morning. A man, named James Boyle, residing in Princes-street, died on Wednesday. Three deaths were also reported on Thursday. Several other fatal cases, we believe, have occurred.—*Glasgow Herald*.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE OF A FASHIONABLE PARISIEN.

THE Paris papers chronicle the death of one who was for some years notorious in a particular section of Parisian society. At break of day following the last Opera bal masque, a strange-looking figure was seen to lean for a moment or two over the parapet of the Pont des Arts, and then to jump into the river. A fisherman who witnessed the incident, after long searching, brought the body to the surface of the water. Enveloped as it was from head to foot in a long hairy covering, it seemed at first sight to be an ape, but was soon recognised as a human being. Attempts were made to restore animation, but in vain. In one of the pockets of the unknown, the following letter was found, which helped to clear up the mystery:—

"It is useless to attempt to identify me. I am the descendant of a noble family whom my follies have dishonoured. All my patrimony is dissipated, and I prefer suicide to misery. To those who affirm that it is necessary to be brave to kill oneself, I reply that abstinence gives courage. I am drunk; it is thus that I ought to die. I have been surnamed 'Caoutchouc,' let me be buried under this name. May my death serve as an example to youth."

"CAOUTCHOUC."

Caoutchouc, say the Paris papers, was the old Count Chateaud of modern public balls. His reputation extended from the Chateau Rouge to Mabilly, and from the casino to the opera. There was always a crowd to see him dance, and it was certainly an extraordinary performance. This year Caoutchouc was at the head of the orgies of the masked balls of the Opera, where he excelled himself, so his admirers said, in the wild eccentricities of the quadrille. On Saturday, the 22nd, disguised as an orang-outang, he exhibited before the crowds in the theatre of the Rue-Lepelletier the marvellous elasticity of his body. He leaped on the shoulders of his companions, springing from one to the other with all the ease and more than the mischievousness of a Brazilian ape. At five o'clock in the morning he was dead. On leaving the Opera, Caoutchouc declined to sup with a band of maskers. After drinking five glasses of absinthe in a cafe on the Boulevards, he betook himself to the Pont des Arts, which he scaled to perform his last pirouette.

FEMALE TYRANNY IN AMERICA.—A newly-arrived German or Irish girl, who, in her own country, would have been glad to clean a gentleman's boots for sixpence, speedily assumes the manners that prevail in the land of her adoption, and will insist upon as much deference as if she were a duchess. She will go up to a gentleman old enough to be her grandfather, and perhaps rich enough to employ a score of such as she in the work of his household, and order him to vacate a seat for her accommodation. It is not to be imagined, however, that the men of America do not sometimes chafe under this oppression, or openly resist it when the opportunity is favourable. Once on the live between Cincinnati and St. Louis—a long distance—on which *travel* going the whole way would naturally desire to *make himself* as comfortable as possible, a venerable gentleman, with *grey* white hair, who it appeared was an eminent judge, and *and* served with distinction in the Senate of the United States, was seated quietly in the corner of the car in which every place was occupied, engaged in reading a newspaper. When the train stopped at one of the intermediate stations, a crowd of persons, male and female, poured in at both ends—glad of standing room if they could procure nothing better. After the usual amount of bustling and jostling the majority passed on to the next car; but one woman, hot and blowsy, with a carpet-bag in her hand, remained behind. The venerable judge, if he had not the best place, had the place which took this person's fancy, and thinking, apparently, that he would be gallant enough to oblige her, she walked boldly up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "I want a seat." The old gentleman looked up and quietly replied, with a very judicial tone and manner, "Madam, I advise you to try if you cannot find accommodation in the next car. This is full. If any gentleman chooses to give up his seat to you he can do so—I shall not. I am an old man—I am on a long journey. I came to the depot (the station) earlier than others in order that I might secure a place. I have secured it, and I shall keep it. In conclusion, let me inform you that, in my opinion your chance of obtaining a seat would be much greater if you would stand patiently until some one saw your distress and volunteered to relieve it." There was a buzz of applause from everybody within hearing, in which the women who had gained their own seats by right of first possession took audibly part. The aggressor, who was by no means handsome, had sense enough to see that in *that* vehicle public opinion was against her, and retired with all convenient celerity into another.—*Blackwood's Magazine* for January.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN PAUPER.—On New Year's-day—her own birthday—there died in Shrewsbury Workhouse Mary Galligall, aged 102 years. Mrs. Galligall, who knew herself best and was better known as "Granny," was, up to the very hour of her death, a singularly shrewd and lively old lady, and, propped up in her comfortable bed, held her regular receptions, and was wont to crack jokes and bandy repartees with her visitors, in which encounters she did not always come off second best. Although her body was wasted away till her arm was not thicker than a man's forefinger, her animal spirits never seemed to flag, and her senses and intellect were in a remarkable state of preservation. By the kindness of Dr. Keate, the house surgeon, she had many privileges not usually accorded to paupers, among which were her lunch, her glass of gin, and her pipe, which were duly provided at eleven o'clock each morning. On New Year's-day she finished her gin and smoked her pipe as usual, and then quietly lay back and died, without a struggle or sign of pain. Born on New Year's-day, 1765, when George II. had been dead only five years, "Granny" was the humble, but, with one possible exception, the uniformly loyal subject of four consecutive sovereigns. On her first birthday Fox was studying the classics at Oxford, Pitt and Robert Burns were little boys in petticoats, and Nelson, one year older, had not yet left Burnham Thorpe rectory for his first school. When she was seven years of age America was an English colony, Warren Hastings was not yet made Governor-General of Bengal, and Louis XV. was on the throne of France. She was four years of age when Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte were born; fifteen when Wordsworth was born; sixteen when Sir Walter Scott was born; twenty-three when Lord Byron was born; and twenty-five when Macaulay was born. Of these facts "Granny" was not altogether ignorant, but her strong point in historical reminiscence was in regard to the Irish Rebellion of '98, in the midst of which she, then in the prime of life, dwelt; and it is from her conversation on this theme that the hint given above of her exceptional disloyalty is gathered. It may be added that no doubt can exist as to "Granny's" precise age, the parish authorities having sought out the register of her birth, and being thus enabled to verify it.

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